

ZION'S HERALD

Rev W D Bridge

2nd 60

VOL. LVI.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1879.

No. 41.

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion (A large matter) per line 25 cents.	
Each continued insertion, " " " "	15 "
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Six months, " " " "	75 "
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ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

BY REV. W. L. PHILLIPS.

[Written for the reception given by the Country St. M. Church, on the birthday of Rev. Frederick Triam, D. D.]

God of our Fathers, hear the praise
From grateful hearts we offer Thee!
Oh! may the joyful song we raise,
Like sweet and precious incense be.

We thank Thee for the conquering host
Thou gav'st the Church in earlier years,
Who, making Thee their strength and boast,
Beat back their foes, o'ercame their fears.

Part of this host have passed the tide,
A part are lingering with us here;
A sacred trust they thus abide,
Give courage, hope and holy cheer.

Twice thirty years the loyal sire,
We greet and honor here this night,
Has kept the faith, through conflict dire,
Has walked with God, dwelt in His light.

Our reverence, pride and filial love
We twine, a garland for his brow.
May choicest blessings from above,
As in the past, fall on him now.

To his ripe years, Lord, add more,
Ere weak and war-worn, he lays down
His weapons, on the earthly shore,
Quitting the strife, to take the crown.

PROFESSOR RICE ON PRAYER.

BY REV. GEORGE M. STEELE, D. D.

"A little philosophy belitteth men's minds to atheism; depth in philosophy brings them round again to religion."—Bacon.

The recent articles by Professor Rice are characterized by great ability, by eloquence of expression, and as far as the circumstances admit, by clearness of statement. They have in them some science and "a little philosophy," and are charmingly free from the vulgarisms of common sense. I do not accept the doctrine set forth, and am glad to believe that it will carry conviction of its truth to very few, who are not desirous of restraining prayer. The certification of the exalted nature, the benefit and the excellence of prayer is in the very best style of English composition. I should hardly be justified in saying that it equals Réaumur's eulogy of Jesus Christ, whom, nevertheless, the same writer elsewhere represents as a somewhat conceited young man who either consciously or unconsciously indulged in a considerable variety of petty frauds; nor is it quite as good as Theodore Parker's magnificent statement of the grandeur and glory of the Bible, which he still in other of his writings condemns as containing false doctrines and foul superstitions, and having so many vile features about it as to render it unfit for use in families. Still the commendation is very fine.

What strikes me as the most singular in this exposition is not so much that while ninety-nine out of every hundred good and wise men of many races, for so many ages, have been led, both by their own constitution and by what they have regarded as the express declaration of God, to believe in prayer as a condition of divine action, our young scientific friend and a few others should have been entrusted with the information that this is all a delusion for the good of the race; this, I say, does not so much surprise me, as that after having been made the recipient of this confidence concerning the divine double-dealing, they should have betrayed the trust reposed in them and recklessly published the disreputable facts to the world.

But one is also somewhat amazed at the prodigious, far-fetched effort, and elaborate, roundabout method by which our scientific friend attempts to reconcile his theory with his religion. The result is no unadvised theory, that perhaps it would have been as well to let the religion go and save the theory. Instead of stating his question fairly and discussing it openly, he appears to have left it unstated, and then to have arrived by a most circuitous route at his conclusion, which, after all, will leave his more charitable readers in much uncertainty as to his position.

The real question concerning prayer is, "Does God ever bring anything to pass because men pray? He would not if they did not pray?" This is the issue at the present time between Christianity and infidelity, so far as pertains to this subject. To the extent to which Professor Rice's essay bears upon this question, he appears to decide it in the negative.

By a plausible, but not very philosophical, line of reasoning, he shows that science in its gradual development has displaced many of the popular notions concerning the divine method of government; and he thus paves the way for the reiteration of the somewhat antiquated and off-refuted dogma of the absolute uniformity of the laws of nature. There is nothing remarkable about this except the positiveness of the assertion that this is a demonstration of natural science. Now, this happens to be just one of those questions concerning which natural science knows nothing whatever, and with which, by its own professions of its own functions, it has nothing whatever to do. It is, on the one hand, a matter

of fact which science can no more decide than it can determine whether Sinai is inhabited, or whether Moses wrote the book of Job, or how long it has been since Professor Rice was born. On the other hand, it is a matter of philosophical speculation—a field in which science has no business whatever, and where its incompetency becomes quickly conspicuous. *Ne sutor supra crepidam*—"Let not the cobbler get above his work."

No doubt the scientific investigator is pretty sure to find evidences of the presence of law wherever he goes. I do not object to the inference which no modern philosopher or theologian, so far as I am aware, disputes, that law is universal. But it is just here that our scientific professor repeats the fallacy of his class and confounds the universality of law with its perpetual uniformity. That the laws of nature have been in uninterrupted operation from eternity, and that they are to be so to all eternity, may be true; but it is certainly what no scientific man as such has any competence to assert. Yet Professor Rice makes this preposterous assumption in the name of science, and in so doing seems to me to practically take his place with those who deny all special revelation, all possibility of miracle, and all supernaturalism in religion.

But I am not at present concerned to follow the Professor to the logical outcome of his reasoning. Nor is it essential to refute the dogma of the necessary and eternal uniformity of law. It is the gigantic *non sequitur* with which he derives from this assumption the doctrine that prayer makes no difference in the divine action. The inference by no means follows. The laws of nature may be uniform, and still God may do something, because men pray, which He would not do if they did not pray; unless, indeed, the Professor has the Almighty tied up with His own laws that He cannot even vary their operation, to say nothing of suspending them. If so, then clearly that is impossible with God which is possible with men; for the latter are perpetually varying the operations of natural law; that is, they do every day cause effects through the operations of natural law, which, but for human action, would never occur. If, however, the Deity is subject to limitations by which He has less power than many of His creatures—if, indeed, He has any creatures—what a pitiable deity He becomes! Professor Rice thinks the anthropomorphic God of the Scriptures is quite inadequate to the demand of the scientific mind; but what are we to think of this something immeasurably less than anthropomorphic being? But even on the supposition of the absolute uniformity of natural law, where is the warrant in science or anywhere else for excluding prayer from the category of causes and conditions which constitute law? If I understand our Professor, he holds that God never answers prayer in any such sense as to do, because men pray, what He would not do if they did not pray. This doctrine, if valid, must be embraced in, and be a part of, a broader one, to the effect that God never performs an action of any kind which is contingent upon man's action, and which He would not do if man did not act. Is the Professor prepared to take that ground? Here, for instance, is a broad prairie which for ages has been uncultivated; but a man with a plough and other implements prepares it for the planting of grain. Forthwith God causes to spring up over all these acres "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Man does not make so much as a single kernel; it is as impossible for him as to create a planet. Is not this something done by God contingent on man's action? But so a thousand times a day is God doing something because of man's action, which He would not do if man did not act. But it may be said that this is all nature's doing. Exactly; but can nature do what its Author—if indeed it have any author—cannot do? Or does the Professor hold that God has foreseen every possible action of man and has adapted from eternity all the operations of natural law to them? And if so, does not this do away with the whole theory of human causation or any kind? Men may act, but they produce no effect upon nature—is this the doctrine? I am not particular how this question is answered; only I insist that man's action in prayer shall not be put on any other footing than that of his action in other respects.

Christian philosophy can see no reason why prayer may not be in the list of human causes and conditions and so hold its place among the laws of nature; or why its exercise may not effect changes in God's action—or nature's action, if you prefer—just as well as the planting of corn, the throwing of a stone, the application of a match to a train of gun-powder, or the hoisting of a mill-gate.

In the second part of the essay a distinction is made between the laws of the physical and those of the moral universe. The writer seems to admit that in the latter there may be human

conditions of divine action. But if by condition here is meant something the insertion of which is followed by some action on God's part which would not otherwise have taken place, it is in flat contradiction to the doctrine previously laid down. There we are solemnly assured, on the testimony of science, that God has such a supreme regard for the constancy of law that every other interest in the universe is subordinate to it. Is this uniformity of so much account in the physical universe, and of no account in the moral? What, too, in this case becomes of the doctrine of the universality of law?

If philosophy teaches anything, it teaches that the moral world is just as much under the dominion of natural law as the physical world. It is probable, then, that where God never in the natural world would allow anything to take place as the effect of human action, that in the moral world He will utterly ignore the paramount necessity of the uniformity of law, and allow even prayer to be a condition and natural antecedent of action on His part?

I cannot, then, help believing that prayer holds a place among the conditions and laws of nature, and that genuine prayer is always efficacious; that is, that God does something in answer to it that He would not do if it were not offered. But genuine prayer is Christian prayer, and that is, prayer offered in the name of Christ—a feature that is too much ignored in the discussion. To pray thus implies the taking on of the character and disposition of Christ, accepting heartily the method of life which He prescribes. In asking a prayer there can be no selfish such, no ceaseless "teasing," though unquestionably there will be—one scientific Professor to the contrary notwithstanding—much earnest, persistent, wrestling prayer; for this, too, it seems to me, has God wisely ordained as a condition sometimes of effectual prayer.

Professor Rice's essay begins and ends very well, and he says many good things. But these good things are simply the old-fashioned good things which a true Christian philosophy has always said about prayer. His peculiar philosophy is essentially un-Christian, and one which, if practically adopted by the masses of men, would cause prayer almost universally to cease. For though there is great benefit to men from the reflex influence of prayer, this is incidental and is essentially connected with the belief that prayer is a genuine condition of the divine action toward men in certain of their relations to God. Take this away, and men would not only fail of any benefit from praying, but they would abandon the practice.

LETTER FROM GENEVA.

BY REV. J. B. GOULD.

The eleventh day of September is a holiday for Geneva, in remembrance of the union of this canton with the other twenty-one which make up the Swiss Confederacy. Like our States, these cantons have their coats of arms, and in addition their separate flags, while over all floats the national banner, consisting of a red ground with a white cross in the centre. The national motto is: "*Un pour tous, tous pour un*"—one for all, all for one. The union was completed in 1814, and in commemoration of the event, a beautiful bronze statue, of Geneva and Helvetia, consisting of two figures with an arm of each around the other, stands in the public garden facing the lake. The flag of Geneva is half red and half yellow, with a key on the one-half to unlock the truth, and an eagle on the other half to bear the message to the world. The motto of Geneva is "*Post tenebras lux*"—"After darkness light."

The united cantons probably make the most perfect republic in the world. From this city have gone forth principles which have spread to the ends of the earth and made the nations better. Here Calvin helped on the Reformation, and here Rousseau and Voltaire, notwithstanding their infidelity, did noble work for freedom and for religious toleration. On Rousseau's island, in the centre of the river Rhone, is a statue figure of the philosopher, in bronze. He holds in his hand a book opened, and at the top of the page is the word "Emile." This work was condemned and publicly burned, but with much that is objectionable it contains that splendid vindication of Jesus and His disciples, quoted by Richard Watson in his "Institutes," and which ends with the words: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God."

As one of the fine bridges across the river leads to this island, it is visited by a host of travelers daily, and is one of the most delightful spots in and about Geneva. Four miles away is the pleasant little town of Ferney, containing about two thousand inhabitants. This town was nearly created

by Voltaire, and his bust in bronze stands above the public fountain, while the signs over shops and other places bear his name, and are constant reminders of his residence there. He occupied a large and beautiful house at this place, and close beside it built a church and supported a priest, not because he cared for religion, but to set a good example for the people around. The church still stands, and is used for a store-house instead of for religious purposes. Above the door is the inscription, cut in stone, which has been so often mentioned. It is simply "*Deo Excit*" in medium-sized letters, and beneath, the word "Voltaire," in letters twice the size of the former, as if God were secondary and Voltaire supreme. He was rich, generous, and indefatigable in his conflict with religious intolerance, and it shows something of the better side of his nature that Madame Necker and other Protestant women of Paris erected a statue to his memory in recognition of his noble defense of the Protestants against Catholic persecution. Not that he cared for either in the abstract, but he had an unconquerable hatred for oppression. Voltaire was educated among the Jesuits, and knew their character, and thus was led to his infidelity. But many acts of his life showed that he was a far better man than many of the clergy of those days.

A few days since, Dr. Stevens escorted a company of us visitors to the cathedral, libraries, and other historic places of the city, and gave us a most enjoyable treat as we listened to his ray comments and descriptions of many persons and subjects of great interest. The Doctor seems as familiar with the past and present of Geneva as if he were "to the manner born." The former popular editor of the *HERALD* is seemingly as young and vigorous as when he did such efficient work in New England, and is laboring nobly here for the Church at large and at the same time acting as pastor of the Church in this city. He casts his bread upon the waters, and the multitude of travelers bear it to the ends of the earth. No doubt he will "find it after many days."

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

closed its seventh session in Basle last Sunday, and the meeting was one of much importance. The grand idea of the Alliance is to bring about a union of sympathy and effort, on the part of true Christians, as they labor for the welfare of the world. The effort is a genuine ground, and the middle walls of partition are less and less formidable. Mr. Moody's labors and successes show how Christians of different names may be united, without giving up their several denominations, and many other signs of the times are manifesting themselves. I remember when at Middletown in 1846, Dr. Olin became deeply interested in the Alliance, and went with others to London to meet the first great gathering of delegates. His letters to the students and his address before the convention were of great interest to the boys he loved so well. It was then predicted by many that there was no basis for action, and that after a brief glorification the whole affair would end. But the seventh meeting has been the largest and best of all, and sixteen hundred delegates have spent eight days in listening to addresses and reports which were full of interest. Since the inauguration of the Alliance, pulpits have been interchanged by ministers of different views as never before. John Angel James, of Birmingham in England, was a prime mover in the first meeting of the Alliance, and his mantle has fallen on his large-hearted and noble successor, Rev. R. W. Dale. At the late Wesleyan Conference Mr. Dale made a most telling speech, and all present were delighted with him. He stated that Mr. James and himself had tried to introduce the Methodist class-meeting into the Carr's Lane Church, and he heartily commended this and other peculiarities of Methodism. Fifty years ago a Congregationalist minister addressing a Methodist Conference would have been a terrible thing, and the smell of Geneva Calvinism would have been detected in the hem of his garments. But now how changed! Mr. Dale was cheered to the echo. We also saw Bishop Simpson before the students of a Congregational college, giving instructions to young men as to the matter and manner of preaching. Fifty years ago those doors would have been locked, bolted, barred, and barricaded against such inroads of heresy, and the old familiar classical quotation would have thundered in the Bishop's ears: "*Procul, O procul, este profani*!" But the world moves. This little Church in Geneva is a practical and beautiful comment upon the teachings of the Alliance. Christians of every name, as they rest for a Sabbath, are refreshed by the service, and nearly every Sabbath there are ministers and members of a denomination listening to the sermon and

taking part in the evening meeting. Last Sabbath there were eight or ten ministers in attendance. The pulpit is open to clergymen of all evangelical Churches, and Dr. Stevens avails himself largely of this help during the excursion months, as he is compelled to do most of the preaching during the remaining eight or nine months of the year. During my brief stay I have listened to Drs. Butler and Tiffany of the Methodist Church, and to a large number from all Churches who have spoken in the prayer-meetings. They seem truly to be "all one in Christ Jesus."

THE CEMETERY.

of an old town always interests me, and I seldom miss an opportunity of visiting these resting-places of the dead. In England I always found attractions in the old church-yards where the dead have slumbered for centuries. In this city I find a large and interesting burial-place in which the body of the great reformer is buried. Calvin gave directions that no monument or stone should be placed above his grave; but tradition indicated the spot, and a small square stone, rising a few inches above the ground, and bearing the letters "J. C." upon the top, has been placed where it is believed he sleeps. Passing around, we read a multitude of French inscriptions, but here and there we saw the names of those who came from England or America in search of health or recreation, and died in this foreign land. It is touching to stand beside these graves and meditate. Here lies a minister from Maine. There sleeps a child. Yonder is the grave of a young lady. Did they die surrounded by friends? Were they weary invalids who vainly hoped that the mountain air of Switzerland would give them health? Did they come for pleasure, and hope soon to go home to tell others of what they had seen? Have their friends been able to visit their graves to drop tears and flowers there? We cannot tell; but we were saddened as we turned such questions in our minds.

One feature of this cemetery impressed me much. There were no costly and ornate monuments to crumble after a few years and give the appearance of neglect and decay. Nearly all the stones were simple and durable, and bore the simplest inscriptions. A number of these headstones especially pleased me, and I believe them peculiar to this place. They consist of blocks of marble, granite, or other suitable stone, roughly chipped to a kind of pyramid form from two to three feet in height. They are so carefully cut as to appear like a piece of rock, wholly unadorned. They taper irregularly toward a point, and the heavier end is set in the ground at the head of the grave. On the surface of some an irregular spot is smoothed for the lettering, and on others a circle, or an oval with beveled edge, is cut an inch or more into the side of the rock and nicely polished. On this the simple inscription in plain or gilt letters is placed, and usually reads A—B—, with the years of birth and death cut beneath, as 1800—1879. Upon some is also added "by his loving wife and children," or something to that effect. To my mind these inexpensive stones, suited to the wealthiest and within the means of the poorest, are far preferable to the costly polished marble headstones, or elaborate monuments, with the fulsome inscriptions so often seen. Dr. Olin said that he once visited a cemetery in the desert where no green thing was to be seen, all being a waste of sand; and that to him this was most appropriate as a place of burial for the dead. But it seems to me that trees and grass and flowers become the last resting-place, while they perpetually teach the lessons of death and resurrection. If to these be added the ivy or evergreen trees, it also speaks of immortality. These are all nature's reminders, but the rough, substantial and almost countless stones in this cemetery seem to me the most appropriate I have ever seen. Many flowers grow above these graves, and women and children are constantly engaged carrying water from the pumps in various parts of the ground, for the purpose of watering the plants growing over their loved ones, or they are employed by others for the purpose. In different countries, perhaps, there is nothing more varied than the forms of burial and the ornamentation of graves, but I have seen none more chaste and sensible than in this unpretentious commonwealth.

Sept. 11, 1879.

He who really believes that Infinite Love numbers the very hairs of his head, and orders all his steps with wisest regard to his best welfare, and who prays and works in the spirit of that faith, must find himself growing more and more into the state of mind and heart which Peter speaks of, as "Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you." Try it, anxious and troubled souls.—*Congregationalist*.

LICENSE OR PROHIBITION.

BY REV. N. C. AXTELL.

Should those who desire the suppression of intemperance favor the licensing of the sale of alcoholic drinks?

There are those who claim to be opposed to intemperance, and greatly to desire its suppression, who think that so far as legal action is concerned, the best thing that can be done is to license the sale of the liquors, the use of which produces drunkenness; and these persons protest against what they conceive to be the mistake, and sometimes extravagant, language of those who affirm that license is wrong in principle and destructive in practice. They affirm that because the sale of intoxicating liquors is lawful under common law, without any statute whatever, therefore the licensing of their sale does not of itself tend to build up the business, and give sanction to it.

1. It is freely conceded by the opponents of license, that if all the statutes regulating such sale were repealed, then these liquors would be merchandised on the same footing with other merchandise. But, under police power, if their sale produced drunkenness and brawls, the places where they were sold could be closed up as being inimical to the public peace, and abated as nuisances. When they are licensed, they are largely shielded from such summary proceedings as may be taken against other nuisances. There is no question that license laws are in their origin and nature prohibitory. In answer to those who affirm that prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks is a violation of the fundamental principles of free institutions, as the late John Stuart Mill declared and argued, we can point to the fact that throughout Christendom, for hundreds of years, prohibitory laws have been enacted—that is, laws prohibiting all but a select few to sell alcoholic liquors; and these laws have never been regarded by any class of men as violating any civil or social right of the citizen. Licensing the few to sell these liquors, under various restrictions, is prohibiting the many. The unrestricted sale of alcoholic liquors, by hundreds of years of legislation, declared to be dangerous, and therefore to be prohibited to all but a few, who must be licensed before they can sell. The origin, then, of license was this—the assertion, on the part of society, acting through constituted authorities, of "the right to limit and restrain this business for the public good."

2. It is to be borne in mind that license laws are not the result of temperance agitation. These laws have been modified and their stringency increased as the result of the growth of temperance sentiment, but license laws antedate the temperance reform by many years. The working of license laws, as shown by their history, reveals the fact that the limit which they have put upon the sale of intoxicating drinks has only been temporary; there has been little permanent restriction, and they have operated as a whole to protect men in an almost unrestricted sale rather than to protect society against the evils resulting from such sale. These laws, too, help to make the business respectable. They give it a legal standing place. They say that men must have special qualifications to pursue this business. The assumption at the foundation of license laws is, that the unrestricted sale of these liquors is dangerous, and must be limited; therefore only those who are certified as possessing high qualifications—men of good moral character, as the laws have it—are to be permitted to sell. Any common man may engage in other lines of trade, but the law must lay its holy hands upon the heads of liquor-sellers, and solemnly consecrate them to this work. And just here is an incidental but powerful argument against license. While the provisions of all license laws demand high qualifications for the men who under them are authorized to sell, as a matter of fact they are—well, to put it mildly, they are not very saintly in their lives! The character of the men who sell, who seek and obtain licenses to sell, in view of the requirements of the laws, tends to bring all law into contempt. The sentiment and law of religion, for instance, demand that ministers of religion be men of good morals; that they be sober men; and religion is brought into contempt if a Bishop or a council install as pastor a man notable for his moral delinquencies—a drunkard for example. Law becomes a farce when it ordains certain privileges to be conferred only upon men of good moral character, and then deliberately invests with these privileges, notoriously immoral and openly lawless men.

The respect of the people for law is greatly weakened by the operation of license laws. These laws have it is a formidable barrier in the way of the progress of true temperance. They have contributed to the building up of a powerful organization, composed of

thousands of men who are banded together to preserve their business. All classes of liquor dealers are united in favor of license. Where license laws prevail, there are always those who sell without license, yet these unlicensed dealers are all in favor of license, and will generally vote for it. The liquor interest is practically a unit in favor of license. The licensed dealers do not prosecute or connive at the prosecution of unlicensed dealers, because they know their interests are identical. As a matter of fact, as a rule, license laws are not enforced and never have been. They have not been "devised by wise and earnest temperance reformers for the protection of public morals," but by politicians, anxious to trim their sails so as to catch the different breezes of public opinion, and so be wifed to some desired haven, rather than really to promote the public good.

[To be concluded.]

From our Exchanges.

Unselfishness comes from within, begotten of One who took upon Him the form of a servant and became obedient unto death. It is made up of self-sacrifice; its tap-roots are long-suffering, gentleness, goodness. It is the permeating principle in the life of the Christian; belongs as much to the mart of business as to the Church. Unselfishness dares to look at every evil in the face with a view to its removal, whatever the cost may be to personal convenience or personal predilection. It fearlessly rejects counterfeits, and labors to secure the good and the true in all positions, whatever the sacrifice, and this in the true spirit of the "meekness of wisdom." In much of the so-called unselfishness we have none of the flavor or the virtues of the genuine fruit. Unselfishness is not narrow, not contracted, not partial; it is large, expansive, all-embracing; its effects never injurious, always beneficial; in spirit humble, in character elevated. At the present it is a rare plant, though possessing such wonderful excellencies; Godlike—while hating the wrong-doing it is ready to make sacrifice for the wrong-doer. Only the grace of God can produce this blessed spirit in such a creature as man towards his fellow-man. How wide the field; unselfishness is love—love is the spirit of sacrifice!

From thence is unselfishness—from thence is it nourished, Godward its tendency, happiness its freight—joy unspeakable its fruition.—*Appeal*.

The meeting of Mrs. Grant and her son Ulisses in the harbor of San Francisco is thus pleasantly described by the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

"The party on board the tugboat stood under the awning at, and when the steps were finally adjusted there was a moment of respectful waiting as Ulisses Grant, Jr., came forward and mounted them. From the time when the tugboat was described he had stood in the wheelhouse with a field glass in hand, with which he eagerly watched the steamer, ostensibly for the General, but in reality, as every one on board knew who watched his face, to see the mother whom he parted with two years and a half ago, and had consoled with since only by letter. Long before the tugboat came alongside he described her on the bridge, and waved his handkerchief as greeting."

"She stood also with glass in hand, scanning the tug, but at first did not see him. When she did, she waved the handkerchief for a moment, but could not wave it long, for it was up to her eyes and staid there, despite the efforts that the mother's hand made to wave it against the mother's tears of joy, that made the meeting of her son the central and sole picture in all the grand scene. The Miller Griffith slowly drifted toward the iron bulk, b-side which it seemed so insignificant. Before the steps could be adjusted, young Grant mounted them—the first man up—and hastily ran to the gangway, where Col. Fred waited to meet him. Arm and arm they passed along the deck, reached the stairs, and hastily traversed the bridge. The General was passed with a hasty and affectionate salutation of "father," but the mother, who stood behind, received a kiss that somehow is the same from palace to hut, and an embrace that told that while she might be Mrs. General Grant to all the waiting world of America, she was only "mother" to the son who met her after the absence of years."

And surely it is not advisable to seek this higher education of ideas abroad. We have seen plenty of head-walters in Europe who could speak fluently three or four languages, but who were as destitute of noble and just ideas as they were fluent in linguistic attainments—and they were only walters after all. A child can learn the modern languages tolerably well in his own country; but granting that his advantages in this respect are or would be far superior in a foreign country, still these superior advantages are no compensation for the loss of American ideas to which he is subjected by a lengthened residence in the foreign land. The prevailing ideas in every country on the continent are precisely such as every wise and thoughtful parent ought to guard his child against. The shameful deprecation of the Sabbath, the indifference to a spiritual religion, the silly restrictions in the association of the sexes, the domineering will and manner of the husband, the factitious social customs, the unmanly toadyism to rank and titles—these are all not the things which it is beneficial for our American sons and daughters to admire and imitate. But they are in the very air one breathes abroad, so that one is in continual danger of taking them in as-naturally and by absorption.—*Christian at Work*.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1879.

And now we have another Indian fight in the mountain region of Colorado, in which a brave officer is killed with a number of the soldiers of his small force, and an uncounted number of the red sharpshooters who spring suddenly upon them. This is the melancholy necessity of our extraordinary mismanaged Indian policy. With so limited a number of Indian tribes, so many of them partially or wholly civilized and settled down on their lands, it seems a strange thing that this constant provocation to violence on the part of our government agents or encroaching squatters or unprincipled traders, cannot be prevented. If the negro found his Moses in Abraham Lincoln, it is to be devoutly asked, at the hand of the Supreme Ruler of men, that he will raise up some man among us, intelligent enough, broad enough, patriotic enough and Christian enough, to devise and organize a plan to evangelize and civilize these few thousands of the aboriginal inhabitants of our land. From a letter of Rev. Edward E. Hale in the *Advertiser*, it is quite evident that in this case of the Utes, the change from the "Grant policy" of permitting the nomination of the agents by the Churches, the resumption of the care of this tribe by the Department, and the removal of an able and Christian man, Mr. Danforth, well-known in Boston, occasioned the present attack, which may be a long expensive struggle and the destruction of a tribe. Just at this hour, Mr. Tibbles appears again in print, showing in moving sentences the fresh outrages which Standing Bear and his Poncas have just been suffering at the hand of agents of the Department. Righteousness will ultimately prevail.

Your minister has consecrated himself afresh to his work. He has appointed extra services. He is always present at the most and never fails to use his utmost endeavors to make them effective. He is visiting from house to house. He is preaching with new earnestness on the Sabbath. Do not let him be discouraged by your lack of hearty co-operation. He is appalled sometimes as he glances over his evening audiences to find scarcely any of his workers present to assist him. Where are his singers? Who will aid him in prayer? Where shall he look for speakers to take up the theme when he has opened the service? He sees strangers there. There is considerable interest manifested among the unconverted. But where are his Church members? They will all be out at the next Sabbath; where are they now? This is an hour when the members of the Church can bestow the greatest possible favor upon their pastor. If you love him and appreciate his labors, stand by him in the social meetings, and let not his heart faint at the sight of opportunities he cannot improve for lack of the co-operation of his membership.

Do not advocate a holy life in a scolding and unsanctified tone. Don't press men to seek perfect peace as if you were driving reluctant animals before you. Don't talk in funeral tones about it, and urge it as if the grave was y-wining under your feet. It is the high birthright of every child of God to be like Him. You are not in the happiest condition to set it forth unless the "candle of the Lord" shines brightly upon your own heart and face. It is a Beulah land where heavenly gases fan the earth and the fruits of Paradise invite the taste. Encourage the people of God to go up and possess it. Tell them they are well able to do so, although the Ananias may still remain in the land. It is a good thing to carry into the pulpit with you one of the clusters of grapes native to this "enchanted ground." There is nothing so impressive and subduing as a real, loving, glowing, melting heart-experience. Let this be seen, and the milk and honey and the fruit of that region will be greatly coveted.

Let us be sure and not despise the opportunities we enjoy to seek tempted men. The Master came to seek and to save the lost. We may not be able to close up all the accused drinking saloons, or to touch the selfish hearts of those who are making money

out of the temporal and eternal ruin of their fellow-men; but we can, with God's blessing, save the tempted man. "Is there nothing to be done in his case?" asked one of the Christian lady workers, who sat in our office as a man with a terrible face came to our desk for a pittance, probably to purchase the drink for which he seemed to have an unquenchable thirst. Forty years ago, he was as neat, as diligent, as promising a young printer, as could be found in Boston. How many columns he has set on the old and tenderly-remembered *Sunday-school Messenger*! What an awful wreck of a man he is now! Before our Massachusetts law is made a friend to the tempted, where will he be? Let us not forget the fallen while we strive to make the State the fostering parent of her children, and not their beguiling tempter as she is now.

Some of our pastors are in the habit of always advising persons, whether young or old, when they enter upon a religious life, to subscribe at once for the Church paper. It is one of the efficient measures, next to the Bible and prayer, to confirm the religious experience of one taking the early steps in the divine life. We have already heard of three instances of persons that were aided in obtaining the peace of the Gospel by one article in *Zion's Herald* of two weeks since. In the earnestness of penitence and fresh Christian love, the outlay incident to a year's reading of a religious paper seems small; but what a world of good may be accomplished by securing such a result! It introduces the new convert at once to all our general interests, makes him familiar with our great charities, encourages him to a broader preparation for usefulness, and provides him on the Sabbath with wholesome and inspiring reading, and an invaluable aid in preparing for the Sunday-school lesson. Suggest the paper, brother minister, in the mellow hour when character is just ready for a new crystallization.

It is pretty evident that a minister is only "sanctified in spots" when he cannot bear without inward depreciation, and outward expression of it if others are near, of the announced success of a brother pastor, especially of one who has succeeded to a pulpit and pastorate that he once occupied. When one cannot heartily "rejoice with them that do rejoice," especially over the manifest triumphs of the Gospel, he needs to go forward again to the altar for prayers, or to retire into the mountains with his Saviour for meditation.

THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting has inaugurated a movement to awaken, if possible, fresh interest in the great work of the world's evangelization. Its report of plans of operation will be published as soon as perfected, and it is to be hoped that the present season will witness a missionary revival throughout the New England Churches. The depressed condition of business, and the desperate struggle in many of our local Churches to recover from the burden of crushing debts, will account, in part at least, for the failure of some of the Conferences—the New England among others—to reach, for some years past, the amount of missionary collections apportioned to them. Still, it must be confessed, that there has been a loss of hearty interest in the great theme of a world's redemption, a serious loss of local organization and practical efforts to secure the largest possible collections, and what is more serious, and possibly the occasion of the manifest lack of religious enthusiasm about the matter, a quite general giving up of any well-arranged monthly missionary concerts. The multiplication of occasional services and the many other charitable and reformatory enterprises clamoring for a hearing, with our fairs, and lectures, and societies, almost bewilders the mind and make it quite a difficult affair to give this world-embracing enterprise its proper proportion of interest.

There are two institutions that stand out distinct from all others, as of divine appointment, and over which God has evidently exercised a providential care, as being most intimately connected with the world's well-being. These are marriage and the Sabbath. So there is one great office of the Church which the Master himself specifically set forth, and which, by constant, fresh inspirations and overruling providences, He has constantly urged upon His Church and aided in its accomplishment. This is the evangelization of the race. For this purpose He assumes the control of all power in heaven and earth, and while He stands ready to open the way and enforce the word, He says to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The whole question of Church order is left to the wisdom, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, of the followers of Christ; all the modes and means of Christian culture and advancement; all the forms of fraternal charity—all these things are left to the enlightened intelligence of His people; but the one positive work which He enjoins upon them is to enter, every one of them, in some way, upon the work of human evangelization.

This interest in the propagation of Christ's kingdom is the great test of living faith and of actual love for living faith and work. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." The question of the success of modern missions does not affect in the least our duty of obedience. If the cross were not everywhere planted, if four brethren in distant heathen lands did not hold our pledges of hearty support, if no heathen people responded to the call, and no triumphant results inspired our endeavors,

still, though the work were purely self-sacrificing and requiring a martyr zeal, it would be our duty, and it we loved Him our pleasure, to obey His one great earthly command.

It is one of the most significant and painful intimations of a loss of spiritual life when the Church fails to respond freely to this call of her crucified and living Saviour. "This have I done for thee," He says, as He points to the scene of His solemn passion. "What hast thou done for Me?" Singing to His praise is involuntary; praying for the fulfillment of His promise; but obeying His great word is the test of our consecration and love.

We are not prepared to accept the common apology for Christian people, that it is a lack of information that causes the want of interest in missionary enterprises. The ministry, doubtless, is open to rebuke for not taking adequate effort to bring before the people all the inspiring facts to be gleaned from mission fields for the inspiration of the Church. Our denomination, in its official board, may not have done all it ought to provide and scatter this kind of literature. We may not, from false economy, have kept a sufficient number of eloquent advocates, full of the subject, in the field; but after all, the cause is something more radical and serious than this. The air is really full of missionary intelligence. The great Christian movement is now recognized by the nations of the earth and enters into all treaties with un-Christian powers. The secular press has its religious columns containing missionary facts and incidents, and religious papers have weekly letters from missionary lands all round the globe. It must be that it is a baptism of love that is needed. When the Holy Spirit fell at Pentecost, everybody heard of Christ in his own language. The revival that we so much need and are praying for, to save us at home, involves the heathen also.

"The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

We have adequate occasion to question our spiritual condition, if we feel no throb of interest in our hearts for Christ's work "in the regions beyond." Perhaps this new movement among the ministers in this vicinity, looking towards an obedient reference to Christ's great final command, is one of the most significant intimations of the coming of a divine benediction upon the Churches at home. "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Let the plans of our ministers be heartily carried out, as unto the Lord, and we trust the closing months of this year and the opening of his successor will witness one of the most notable evidences of a holy consecration to the Master and to His kingdom that the Church has ever enjoyed.

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE VATICAN.

Although the accounts from Rome are contradictory, they leave the uniform impression that the Pope's health is not strong, and that he greatly needs a change of air during the summer past. This was the advice of his physicians; and one need not be a doctor to know that the climate of Rome is extremely dangerous in the height of summer. All the inhabitants of Rome who have the means are sure to hurry to the highlands of the country during the dog-days.

The Sacred College exerted a strong influence on Leo XIII by the means which are so well understood, and Cardinal Nina declared that though a change were very desirable, it was quite impossible, in the present status of affairs, for the Pope to leave his official residence.

But why, pray, impossible? The silly fiction that the sovereign Pontiff is a captive should have been exhausted with the death of Pío Nono, under whose reign the cannon of free Italy made a breach in the gates of Rome. His successor was freely elected in that city, and has since been in peaceable possession of the grand palaces placed at his disposal by the guarantee laws, and can in no case complain of the least violence done to his position and sanctity.

A few years ago the magnificent palace of the Vatican, with its museums filled with the masterpieces of all art, was fabled to be a prison where the supreme chief of the Catholic world was confined; and many were the tears called forth by fiery preachers while depicting the sufferings of Pius. But if these credulous hearers could have seen the city called the Vatican, with its hundreds of spacious rooms, its courts and corridors, its parks and splendors of every kind, the effect of this flaming oratory would have been extinguished.

This story, then, has had its day, and has served its purpose. No one now talks of the suffering of Leo XIII, although he is confined in the same prison. But the present Pope is condemned to confinement because of the fanatics that surround him. Those who are in the secret declare that it is very difficult to form any conception of the intrigues of an assembly of cardinals, that is, of about fifty persons aspiring to the tiara, and among whom they cast lots every few years for a species of royal crown.

The Pope may often distrust their views, but he is in their hands, and the policy of non possumus has produced its legitimate fruits. It has really made the Papacy a prisoner, if not the Pope, and led it to adopt the most humiliating measures. To-day, by the very fact of his forced sojourn at Rome, Leo XIII tacitly admits the accomplished fact of his subjugation. He submits to the force

not only of bayonets, but also of ideas, and would think that it were hardly worth while to risk his life and his status for the sake of a mere idea; for it is difficult to perceive what moral difference there can be between the banks of the Tiber and the summer castle of Gondofo.

From the moment that the Pope consented to remain at Rome, and the cardinals to reside there, or the Sacred College to assemble there, the Catholic Church implicitly renounced all solidarity with the temporal power. Were it exiled or proscribed, it might have affirmed a right. But beside the Basilica of St. Peter, respected and protected by the kingdom of Italy, it can only recriminate without consistency. The Pontiff allows himself thus to be ruled by the representatives of a fanatical idea, from which, according to his recent encyclical, he would gladly escape, but cannot.

The least untoward event may relieve him from this mystic attitude, or he may till his close continue to be the slave of circumstances that are created from a fiction. But in any case, he is destined to be at war with the influences of his Church, and masters do not just now foretell a peace-maker. The tendency of the Church is towards fanaticism in the Vatican and out of it, and there is quite as much in some other localities as in Rome. Indeed, events are now daily occurring in the Catholic Church of France that would certainly not be tolerated in the immediate presence of the Pope. The abuse of the famous shrines during the season just closing has been a disgrace to the Christian religion. They have been turned into a sort of theatrical robing-room, and a vehicle for the sale of mineral waters.

The pilgrimage to Lourdes and La Salette have been little else than great masquerades. God and Christ have been set aside, and the holy office has degenerated into the charlatanism of the fair-ground, where the principal articles on sale have been wax figures representing the ills of human flesh that have been cured by miracles. This is the way in which those who are so bitterly opposing the new educational propositions in France would educate the rising generation. The result can be easily foreseen: Those who drink at these waters will become idiots, and those who refuse will turn out decided atheists. And no wonder, under such a process, that such should be the result. These are the two classes into which the present fanatical religion of France will divide the nation.

We are told that very many of these contraband miracles are not accepted by the reasonable men among the clergy, or are accepted only with grief, for there are still some reasonable men left among them. But what matters it, since those poor hesitating ones are forced to submit and be quiet without murmuring? The Catholic clergy is like a regiment; when the orders are given, it marches, and it is generally believed that these orders are issued from the precincts of the Vatican. This wholesale capitulation of the clergy before the requirements of foreign rule is a much graver affair than all these mummeries. The bishops and ordinary priests are still sensible enough to receive with reserve these miracles for a price, and they know better than these fanatics of the Church the spirit of the average rural populations.

It is, therefore, not without a certain vain resistance on their part that these new altars are erected. The Virgin of Lourdes has had a comparatively easy time of it; her miter was quite skillfully managed as a business operation, and her establishment soon became quite prosperous. But the poor Madonna of La Salette has seen bad days, and found it difficult to proceed in her career. She has scarcely received even-handed justice in comparison with her more favored sister. It was said five or six months ago that the new Pope had deposed and unworshipped her. But to respond to this evil report she has just been crowned anew, with great pomp, by a bishop of France. This nonsensical fanaticism is more than folly—it is a crime. And in this singular Christianity there is one that we seek and find nowhere, and this one is Jesus the Christ. What has become of Him in this worship of the virgins? He who drove the money-changers from the temple has now been driven from it by these self-same changers.

RECEPTION OF DR. UPHAM.

We had the privilege of attending a very unique and delightful occasion last week in the city of New Bedford. On Saturday last, Oct. 4, occurred the eightieth birthday anniversary of the venerable and beloved Frederick U. Upham, D. D. His present residence is Fairhaven, where he has a very comfortable prophet's home. He is still, however, in the active ministry, preaching in an adjoining town. His Conference relations have not been changed for fifty-eight years; in all this long period he has been, every year without interruption, in a regular career, or in the office of Presiding Elder—a remarkable record. At the present time he is as hale as at fifty, and preaches with as much vigor and unction as ever in his prophetic ministry. He entered Conference in 1821, having preached for the previous fifteen months under Presiding Elder Elijah Beddow, afterwards bishop. When Father Upham entered the New England Conference it embraced the whole field designated by its name; the Maine Conference not being formed until 1824. There were seventy appointments in this "larger New England" at that time; now there are 872. The membership reached then a little short of ten thousand, now it reaches 120,000. There has been an annual increase in Churches of four, and an annual average increase in the membership of 2,000. But what a change in the social condition, in the houses of worship, and in the schools of learning, since that period! How much the Church owes to the faithful, devoted and able labors of the noble array of godly men who, less than

a century ago, labored broadly and firmly the foundations of Methodism in this country.

In view of this interesting anniversary, Presiding Elders Willett and Tabbot, of the adjoining districts, called upon the ministerial friends of Dr. Upham and fifteen of the Church to make a visit upon our vigorous patriarch on the auspicious occasion. In view of the fact that fifty-four years ago Father Upham was the pastor of their Church, then known as the Elm St. and had for many years been their Presiding Elder, the County St. Church ladies, with their accustomed courtesy and generosity, arranged in their handsome office a public reception on the preceding evening. A beautiful and elegant luncheon was provided in the vestry, which was heartily discussed by the ladies and their guests. At its close, in a remarkably neat speech, Mrs. A. D. Hatch, president of the ladies' society, presented Father Upham with a beautiful chromo of a ripe stalk of wheat, ornamented with flowers, and enclosed in a chase oak frame—one of the most apt symbols of the age, character, and characteristics of the venerable minister. The response was short, tender and impressive. The public exercises in the audience-room covered nearly two hours, and were listened to with interest by a large audience. The singing, by a quartette and by the congregation, was inspiring. We publish on our first page the original hymn written for the occasion by the highly-esteemed pastor of the Church, who is already making himself powerfully felt for good in the city. Dr. Samuel Upham (son of his father every way) made one of his capital short addresses. Rev. J. W. Malcolm, of the Pleasant St. Church, expressed, in a particularly bright and pointed address, the regards of the young men of the Providence Conference for their respected and endeared senior minister. Rev. A. N. Bodfish, of the Fourth St. Church, awakened much enthusiasm in the audience by his quiet and animated reminiscences of early New England Methodism, and of the guest of the evening. A member of the New England Conference bore the respects of that body to Dr. Upham, and spoke of the high provincial qualifications of our early ministry for the work upon which they entered and in which they met with such wonderful success. Then came the chief address of the evening by the honored guest of the hour, Dr. Upham, which was only made too short by the exuberant eloquence of the preceding brethren. The address was reminiscent, witty, animated and spiritual. Everybody was hungry for more when he ceased speaking. The gem of the evening was the presentation, at the close of Father Upham's speech, in an exquisitely neat and appropriate address by Pastor Phillips, of a case, given by the Church, made out of a portion of the altar, of the Rev. Dr. Upham. We do not know too truly, that this was the gem of the evening. Possibly we wrote unduly. No incident of the meeting was more beautiful or touching than the letter of Father Benjamin Pinnas—a also a patriarch of four score years and the eldest member of the Church. The letter was at once charming in style, affectionate in manner and full of pathos. The audience melted as the pastor read its melodious and tender sentences. The reception at the "salon" next day in Fairhaven on the next day was well attended by ministers and members of the various Churches. Generous presents were received, and very affecting and interesting letters from scores of friends who could not personally be present to express their love and respect. God grant the servant yet many more happy and useful years!

The publisher and editor of *Zion's Herald* lost their hearts temporarily to the charm in the charming family of Bro. Geo. M. Kady. The abundant courtesies and social cheer of their beautiful home were lavishly proffered to their happy and grateful guests, and much enjoyed by them. A blessing upon them and their sweet children!

Editorial Items.

In the forthcoming issue of the *Methodist Quarterly* is an extended and elaborate paper upon the Negro Exodus, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Hartzel, editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, published in New Orleans. His long residence at that South, his careful study of the whole question, his personal acquaintance with many of the most intelligent of the Southern colored ministers and of distinguished colored laymen who have held civil and political offices, as well as his familiar association with the common people, as the Presiding Elder of the district embracing New Orleans, have given him the best possible opportunities for a clear understanding of the topic which he has so amply and impressively discussed. His view of the possible breadth of the exodus is very different from that of Mr. Guernsey in his article in the *Internationalist* for September. Still the two opinions can be readily reconciled. Mr. Guernsey speaks only of the actual emigration. This he considerably underestimates as to number and character. But Dr. Hartzel shows that this early movement is a large measure, is only the surface tide, the unsaturated, least valuable and most unpromising, on the whole, of the colored population. Underneath this he shows that the great depths of the colored citizenship of many of the States have been stirred; conventions have been held; associations have been formed; carefully devised plans have been arranged; and unless the cause for an exodus be removed, the South will be financially ruined by the breadth and character of the flight that will assuredly occur. The North has nothing to gain by such a movement, as he conclusively shows, and solicitation or aid from this quarter had nothing to do with this strange hearse. He presents no novel theory as the occasion of the exodus, but he fortifies his statements in retelling familiar cases with facts, observations and figures, that few persons could object to readily and group together with such convincing force. He shows with fresh illustrations the helpless condition of the black man, still almost as very subject to the will of his former master when in actual bondage, without the help upon their self-help which secured for them some at least of their physical wants and sufferings. Cotton hands are well-nigh hopelessly doomed to a form of dependence, little better than slavery, deprived of legal defenses, without the enjoyment of their civil rights, so that nearly a million of colored citizens at the South have now but two representatives in Congress—Kilgore and Bruce—who will doubtless soon be removed. They have no defense at the polls in general elections from the United States government, and are as really excluded from all representation in our common government as if they were still the slaves of white masters, instead of being their peers as citizens in the eye of the law. The South has too much at stake to permit of growing and convulsing movements, forbidding an immense emigration from their States, to take formal shape; and to suppose that the causes for it can continue to exist for any long period in a free, Republican and Christian government in this nation.

teenth century, is to suppose that the kingdom of darkness will again triumph over the dominion of truth, and that the divine prophecy of the world's conquest by Christ will never be fulfilled. The colored man is more needed where he is now than in any other portion of the land. He must be defended there in all his rights, and his children educated. He will make the South, as it ought to be, a garden of the Lord, and his paler brethren will enjoy the fruits of this paradise regained.

A lively correspondent of the *Interior* sends quite an interesting, gossip letter from Geneva, Switzerland. His allusion to the enthusiasm of Dr. Stevens for Calvin is quite entertaining. He evidently was not so familiar with the eloquent Doctor's common habit of vivid appreciation of whatever he has in hand, as are his friends on this side of the Atlantic. And he has, also, fairly anticipated the colleges in bestowing upon our excellent correspondent, Rev. J. B. Gould, a doctorate of divinity. The writer says:—

"But I must tell you a word about Geneva passing by Paris, where, Nov. 8, our Minister to France, says is the most beautiful city in the world. Geneva, a City of a thousand lakes, is a city of a thousand lakes, but his regard to see all Americans; and all who call find him genial and frank. At Geneva I spent several days. Dr. Abel Stevens, of the M. E. Church, the historian of Methodism, has been there two years, and has the American Chapel in Paris. I met Dr. Harts, president of the M. E. Church, an American now consul at Marseilles, France—Dr. Gould, Dr. Stevens was our guide, and we took the 'city' of Calvin, one of the days I was there. We visited the old Cathedral of St. Peter, where Calvin and Knox preached, and in Calvin's chair and stood in his pulpit, which was, unfortunately, sent forth the gospel of rationalism. We visited the university, which Calvin, through the academy which he had founded; and saw the house where he lived and taught his classes, and where his immortal institutes were written. We went to the armory, the library, the portraiture gallery, etc. Time and space would fail to tell one-half of what we saw in that historic city.

"One thing is decidedly queer. Did you know that the way to St. Peter's Cathedral from the main thoroughfare, leads through the city of the dead? The Rue du Purgatoire is another name for the street that leads to the open space in front of the cathedral.

"Dr. Stevens, Methodist though he is, admires Calvin with becoming enthusiasm, the more he has learned, he says, the more he admires him. He says that not even Rome is so rich in ecclesiastical associations, and has such a record in defense of civil liberty, as Geneva. I do not state this as a compliment to Calvin, but as a fact coming from him. He is writing the life of Madame de Staël, which will soon appear; and in it, if I make no mistake, he will give a most public and unimpeachable account of the Geneva authorities on a certain point, and not only introduced the theme into Geneva in defense of their prohibitions, but had the very chair of Calvin, which we saw in the cathedral, introduced into the scene. The libraries of Paris and Geneva have been ransacked for material for his work."

The *Western Christian Advocate* contains an interesting letter from Dr. Rust, giving an account of the erection of a fine, three-story brick building for the Medical Department of the Central Tennessee College at Nashville. It stands upon a commanding eminence, and combines in its structure all the requisite conveniences for such an institution. It is called the Meharry Medical Institute. In honor of the noble brother (five of them) by whose generosity it is chiefly built and endowed. It is the first medical institution at the South where colored students have an opportunity to acquire a thorough medical education. During the last two attacks of yellow fever at the South, several of the students of the school sustained the scene of peril and rendered valuable service. Of the college of which this is a department, Dr. Rust says:—

"The Central Tennessee College, under the judicious management of Rev. Dr. Braden, takes high rank, and is exerting wide-spread influence for good. It opens the present year with more than a hundred pupils, further advanced than any other college in the South. The students are well classified and thoroughly taught by good and faithful teachers. The building is large and promising, and the young ministers are enjoying the instruction and lectures of Dr. Braden, who devotes special attention to those preparing for the Christian ministry. We commend this institution to our people, for, all things considered, it is not surpassed by any in the South."

If the Roman Catholics should march by a church with one of their processions on the Sabbath, with a military band, disturbing the worship of one of our Protestant congregations, what an uproar would be made in our papers! But at a church where we worshiped, one standing near the line of the prayer the preacher's voice was utterly drowned by the thunder of the freight trains that passed. Why must we endure this? Why should freight trains be permitted to disturb the worship of a Christian congregation, Sabbath after Sabbath, what a brand would not be permitted to do this even for once? We say nothing now about trains that pass in hours not devoted to service, but why should not business and pleasure be made to pay reverence to the Almighty, or at least be subjected to the peace and comfort of those who prefer to keep the Sabbath day holy? At least, let us insist upon an outward respect for God's day, upon the hours devoted to worship. There is law enough to secure this, and a general protest against the abuse might bring our railroad directors to their senses, if not to their consciences.

The *Divine Life*, for October, contains a very impressive address to all ministers of the Gospel upon the high and solemn vocation upon which they have entered, and an earnest exhortation to personal holiness, to an unreserved consecration to the work of the ministry, to a hearty belief, that all efficiency is of God, to a close imitation of Christ, to an unreserved prayer for the baptism of power, and to a hesitation to take a step forward unbaptized of the Holy Ghost. This address, which is written with brotherly tenderness and frankness as well as with marked force, is signed by Asa Mahan, Asbury Lowrey, Bishop W. L. Harris, and Daniel Steele. It is a good thing for ministers to be in the press of the times, and to be preached to; and this is a striking thing to be carefully read, and then prayed over in the study or secret place of prayer.

We are indebted to the Commissioner of Education, Hon. John Eaton, Washington, for a copy of his Report for 1877. It contains the summaries of educational statistics in the different States, considers the schools for the colored race, the statistics of colleges and secondary schools, the degrees conferred, the libraries of the country, and the charitable and reformatory institutions. The volume is of great value to the friends of public education throughout the country. It shows what is doing for the education of the people, and how much is still to be accomplished in this direction.

Prof. J. P. Lacroix, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, whose sickness was noticed in our last issue, died at his home in Delaware, O., Sept. 22, at the age of fifty-seven. He had but just returned from Europe, and the symptoms of the malady which caused his death—paralysis of his brain—were manifested on the voyage home. Prof. Lacroix was an alumnus of the Ohio Wesleyan University, of the class of 1837, and since 1852 has been connected with the University, for the last twelve years a professor of Modern Languages. He was the author of several works, and has contributed many valuable papers to the leading periodicals of our Church. His funeral occurred on the 23d ult., and was conducted by the professors of the University. Pres. Lent Payne gave the funeral address. Prof. Lacroix died about a year ago, and leaves by his death four orphan children.

Bishop Haven writes, in a note:—
"Among the addresses to the Faculty of Wilbraham is that of Miss Emily Wyman as its reciter in praise. Unlike the usual class of teachers in that department, this lady is a trained and enthusiastic student in this art. She has studied several years in Europe, a year of which she spent in London, copying the masterpieces of Turner. Ruskin overheard her and complimented her work, and in a letter to her said, 'I have never seen a more perfect copy of a picture than the one you have made of Turner's "Rain, Steam, and Great Bridges."'"

Robert Carter and Bro. have continued their publication of new and cheap editions of standard works. All theological and philosophical students will be grateful for the new and beautiful edition of the works of President McCosh, of Princeton. Five handsome octavo volumes, which have heretofore been sold for \$15, are now published in a set and enclosed in a neat box for \$10. The set includes The Divine Government, Typical Forms in Creation, The Institutions of the Mind, Defense of Fundamental Truth, and The Scottish Philosophy—a very well-rounded, metaphysical and apologetic library in itself, offered at a generous price.

Rev. Brother Kendz, the earnest and devoted pastor of the Bromfield Street Church, in answer to his hearers a little circular, called the *Book of the Living*, in which, with much gracious counsel, he sets forth the services of the week, and gives such suggestions as to duty and opportunity as an active pastor naturally finds passing through his mind and inspiring his pen. The good work still goes on in this venerable church. Many of the subjects of it are temporary visitors to the city, making the compass of the revival influence a very wide one.

The Massachusetts Children's Protective Society, whose city office is Room 7, No. 6 Hamilton Place, has purchased the "Centennial Home" estate, East Lexington, Mass., containing forty acres of land, well situated, with an abundance of fruit trees, for a Farm Home School, for the shelter and instruction of such children as the society rescues from orphanage and abuse. Mr. R. B. Graham, who has had much experience with children, is appointed superintendent of the Home, and Mr. Edwin R. Smith, agent.

Prof. Benjamin F. Leggett, late of the East Greenwich Seminary, now of Providence, R. I., has two very interesting lectures, which have been warmly received by the audiences which have listened to them. They are (1) "On Foot Through Switzerland," and (2) "A Month in Italy." Each lecture is illustrated by thirty-five topographical pictures, giving some of the finest scenes and views among the Alps and in the chief cities of Italy. Such lectures are such, while very entertaining, are also of substantial value.

Rev. Charles Parkhurst, of the Vermont Conference, late of Montpelier, having been released from pastoral service to enter upon the course of theological study, has been engaged to supply the pulpit at Abundant, just vacated by the release of Rev. S. F. Jones for a European trip. The new arrangement seems to be an excellent one every way. Brother Parkhurst will be near the theological school, and Abundant will have a very satisfactory supply.

The attractively-bound quarterly volume of the *Liberator* draws our attention again to the substantial value of this weekly periodical. If one reads its successive issues and no other literary magazine, he will suffer little loss as to his knowledge of the best periodical literature of the day. The present volume is the 142d from the beginning; thus marking off a period of thirty-five and a half years' existence.

The Book Agents at New York have just prepared, and are ready to issue, "The Illustrated History of Methodism." It is pronounced by such readers of it as Bishop Harris and Dr. Whidden, as admirably executed, fresh and accurate. Circulars containing all details as to price, etc., have been sent out to all the ministers. J. P. Magee will be ready to respond at an early date to all orders.

The *American Agriculturist*, by far the best agricultural paper published in the country, issues, with its October number, a supplement of forty pages devoted to an illustrated and descriptive list of twelve hundred premiums to be given to subscribers "from now till the end of 1880." The *Agriculturist* is \$1.50 a year in advance. Published by the Orange Judd Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

The National Temperance Society has issued a Hand-book of the Woman's National Temperance Union. This excellent little manual contains a short history of the origin, constitution and plans of the association, with suggestions as to modes of operation by local unions. It is just what ladies need all over the land, who are now combining their endeavors in this and cognate works of reform.

On Wednesday of this week, the usual services of instruction day were held in connection with the School of Theology of Boston University. Rev. A. B. Knapp, of the Bromfield Street M. E. Church, will give the address to the students. The exercises take place at Wesleyan Hall, at half-past 10 o'clock A. M. All are cordially invited to attend.

A new seven-year's course of International Sunday-school Lessons commences with January, 1880. Phillips and Hunt—the Book Agents at New York—are promptly in the field with admirable questions, lesson helps, etc., for their Bazaar Series. Send to J. P. Magee for catalogues.

The Family.

"QUIET FROM FEAR."

"Who's heartedness unto Me shall dwell safely,
And shall be quiet from fear of evil."—PROVERBS
1:33.

Who can but be afraid,
Who must not be dismayed,
When the mighty tempest roareth,
And the sky is black as night?
How shall the heart be strong,
And sing out its joyful song,
When the hour is full of terror,
And the spirit longs for light?

Who would not start with fear
From a deadly danger near—
From the swift flash of lightning—
From the pestilential breath?
And who could joyful be
In the raging storm-tossed sea,
When the sounding of the waters
Was the triumph-song of death?

Yet Thou, O God, dost speak
To the timid and the weak,
And who can make us troubled
When Thou givest quietness?
We hopeful draw to Thee,
And listen if there be
The certainty of comfort
For the time of our distress.

Oh, not from strength of will
Can our trembling hearts be still;
Oh, not by our endeavor
Can we hush the storm of fear.
But Thou canst make us calm,
Till we dare to sing our psalm;
And the source of all our confidence
Is this—that Thou art near.

And like a little child
Who, when the storm is wild,
Does only cling more closely
To the loving mother's breast;
So we, Thy children, come
In Thee to find a home,
And, nesting at our Father's side,
Have perfect peace and rest.

What fear can ever be
When our quest is from Thee?
Oh, we shall dwell in safety
Through all the storms of night!
We will not be afraid,
We cannot be dismayed,
We trust Thee in the darkness,
And Thou dost give us light.

Marianne Furningham.

LETTER FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

We were at Sault Ste. Marie when I closed my last, and I resume at that point. Lake Superior is connected with the others of the system by a strait some sixty miles in length, which is called Saint Mary's river. This river, after it leaves the lake, has a fall of about twenty-five feet in the course of about half a mile, which is called Sault Ste. Marie, or Falls of Saint Mary, and gives name to two villages at the foot of the rapids, one on each side of the river. The rush of waters among the rocks is tremendous, and renders the navigation of a birch-bark canoe—which is ticklish enough to a novice even in smooth water—quite an aquatic feat.

I went down to the shore at the foot of the rapids before sunrise, and found several Indians making ready for fishing, and easily induced two of them to give me the novel sensation of running the rapids. I was a little inclined to demur at their evident distrust of my ability to sit still on one of the braces of the boat, but finally came down and sat in the bottom of the cockle-shell, which was soon dancing and curving in the troubled waters like a maddened race-horse who can with difficulty be brought down to business. The Indians with pole and paddle pushed along, upholding here and there among the rocks and against the foaming, rushing torrent until near the top, when finding a place clear enough to turn, we were whirled around and into the midst of the current. Defiantly they plied the paddles, dodging about among the rocks, where there seemed to me no room to pass, and where to touch would have overwhelmed us in the flood in an instant. I held my breath to keep from looking pale and scared. A friend says I have some natural advantages in the way of a complexion, which effectually prevents any apparent paleness. On we swept; now skimming like a thing of life, now dancing like a bubble, now darting like a fish, the little boat kept on its way, and at last glided into quiet, smooth waters, as a soul that had been tossed upon life's turbulent waves may round the headland, and with the noise of waves in his ear find him in the quiet haven where silver waves glide over golden sands, at rest at last.

"Running the rapids" being an accomplished feat, I accompanied the Indians as they sought their morning "catch" of whitefish. This magnificent fish has scarcely a superior in the world. It has the delicacy of flavor of the trout, while the meat has a much more appetizing look, being white, fine and juicy; and when you can get hold of a Lake Superior whitefish fresh from the waters, and get somebody to dress and cook it who knows how, you needn't wait until you are half starved to find a dish which would stimulate the appetite of an epicure. But first catch your fish! So the prow of the canoe was again turned up the rapids, an Indian at either end propelling it by means of a long pole, the one in the bow meanwhile keeping sharp watch. Peering down into the water suddenly, he exchanged his pole for—shade of Isaac Walton and flashing eye of Dr. Traflon, avert your gaze!—an ignominious scoop-net, and thrusting it down into the water the canoe was allowed to drift backward, and then the net was as quickly lifted and dumped into the boat, depositing just before me a splendid fish weighing ten pounds! The superb fellow had no time to recover from his surprise or express his dissatisfaction at the sudden change of quarters, as he was speedily dispatched by a blow on the head; and without waiting for more of the same sort, I was put on shore, and by breakfast time had sufficiently recovered from my contempt at the mode of capture to get away with a fair share of the fish. Our host at the Chippewa house complained bitterly of the interference of some smart Yankees with the comfortable arrangement by means of which they had heretofore been able to

contract with the Indians for their fish through the season for a few cents apiece, regardless of size; but since these Yankees had got hold of them, and were buying their fish for packing in ice and transporting them to the cities, they had been obliged to buy by the pound and pay a good fair price, too. It doesn't take the noblest man long to educate himself up to civilized prices.

A visit to the new canal, with which the U. S. Government is replacing the much smaller one previously owned and operated by the State of Michigan—which, if completed according to the plan proposed, will be a magnificent work—was very interesting. The new locks are of such vast capacity that half a dozen steamers could be locked through at once.

A sanitar through the grounds of the U. S. military post located here, and then a visit to the sleepy little Canadian town on the other side, occupied considerable time very pleasantly, but we were sufficiently tired of it all to greet with gladness the coming of the royal mail steamer Quebec by which we were to continue our journey by the north shore. Of which more anon. SIOUX.

Sept. 18, 1879.

THE SUNSET GATES.

BY BELLA M. SWAIL.

When the sunset gates are unbarred,
And the veil seems half lifted away;
And no darkening cloud mars the beauty
Of the western orb of day,
I think of the fair bride city,
That just on the other side lies,
Where no sun hath a rising or setting,
And tears shall be wiped from all eyes.

When the third day has hidden
Its cares in twilight's breast,
Then comes to my heart the promise
Of quietness and rest.
What a golden flood of glory,
With all its splendor, awaits
The faithful, the thrice purified,
Just inside those beautiful gates.

Oh, the fair, pearly gates of the city
That is hidden from mortal sight,
With its silver-waved sea of crystal
And glorious effulgence of light!
How the thought of their radiant beauty,
Brings questionings home to my soul,
That I scarce know how to answer,
As they come with a ceaseless roll.

Does my life daily and hourly
Some beautiful trait display?
Do my restless footsteps ever
From the path of duty stray?
When the sunset gates of life
Are reached by my weary feet,
Will the golden gates be opened wide?
Shall I find the rest that is sweet?

THE YOUNG PHILANTHROPIST.

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

Imagine a young lady of seventeen, with soft, clustering, golden hair, fine, brown eyes, a complexion that reminded one of apple-blossoms the whole year round, a nose the least bit in the world retroussé, a firm mouth, and a chin with a dimple in it, and you have our philanthropist, Miss Anastasia Marshall, commonly called Stacy by her friends. Then go a little farther and imagine a brown stone palace on Fifth Avenue, an indulgent father with plenty of money, and a heart full of sympathy and charity for his fellow creatures, and you can form some idea of the atmosphere in which Anastasia was born and reared. In the eyes of her father she was absolutely perfect. In the eyes of Mr. Marshall's house-keeper—for Stacy was motherless—the young lady was susceptible of considerable improvement.

The position of this housekeeper was indeed no sinecure. Not that there were so many of the family proper, or because either Mr. Marshall or his daughter were hard to please. Oh, no! No kinder or more appreciative people ever lived; but as Mrs. Key put it: "Miss Stacy's charities was enough to break the heart of a grindstone." This lady was not always very elegant in her expressions, nor did she have the slightest understanding with Lindley Murray in reference to her verbs and pronouns; still her heart was in the right place, and she would have suffered martyrdom had martyrdom been required of her, for either her master or young mistress.

Mrs. Key had a sympathizing friend and a strong ally in the person of Mr. Marshall's sister, and Stacy's aunt, Mrs. Turner, who lived near them on the same avenue. Her interviews with her brother and niece in regard to Stacy's foolishness were frequent, but exceedingly unproductive. "Robert" laughed and changed the subject, and Stacy shrugged her pretty shoulders and called her aunt's attention to a new fashion plate, or an interesting magazine article, and invariably came off victorious—as who wouldn't with such a father as hers?

Mrs. Turner's usual remark at closing was something like this: "Of course, Robert, if you are really determined that Anastasia should turn your beautiful home into an orphan asylum and poor-house, I don't know that I ought to object; and let me tell you one thing—that girl will get you into trouble yet. Mark my words!"

"Orphan asylum and poor-house" were certainly exaggerated terms, but you will presently see that Mrs. Turner had really some ground-work for her anxiety, and an excuse, if a woman ever had one—which is extremely doubtful—for meddling. The present occupants of the house were two babies, both of them left in the same week on the front stoop; two nurses, which Stacy joyfully procured for them; an old man who had broken his leg when at work in front of the

house, and whom Stacy insisted on taking care of; a little beggar girl who had recommended herself to Stacy's distinguished consideration by falling heels over head into the ash-barrel; a crazy landlady whom the young mistress had taken under her care because her relatives had decided she was no longer a safe member of society, and were about to place her in a lunatic asylum; a half dozen gamins who came to school regularly every day to Miss Marshall in the library, and were a constant affliction to Mrs. Key because of their dirty and unaristocratic appearance, notwithstanding they had all been clothed from head to heels by the eccentric young lady; and several other occasional inmates and visitors equally dangerous and troublesome. As Mrs. Key remarked to Mrs. Turner: "There wasn't but one in the whole lot of 'em that didn't have to be watched, and that was the broken-legged man. He'd stay put!" And in the midst of such a strange company the old man's inability to rise must have been, indeed, a recommendation.

The new landlady had spread consternation and alarm through every part of the house. The servants appealed to their mistress, but she laughed at their fright; and at last they all gave warning in a body. Anastasia, who really felt that she was defending a principle, received their communications without a protest; then she ordered the carriage, and was driven to an intelligence office for a fresh supply. It was funny to see this rose-bud of a girl so prompt to act in emergencies. Old Mother Hubbard, when she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, could not have hesitated it from the rest of the meat in the platter with more entire self-possession than Anastasia evinced while examining the candidates for domestic office. Everything satisfactorily settled, she concluded to do some necessary shopping. On the corner stood the little flower-girl whom Stacy had "set up in business," and of course she must purchase all the bouquets made up, pay double what was asked for them, and only take away a few, all the time asking kindly questions, and making the little merchant feel that she was an angel, wings and all; for wouldn't the long blue and white feathers answer for wings well enough?

The flower-girl made perfectly happy, Stacy bade her a smiling good morning, and stepped to the carriage. Here she was accosted by a haggard-looking woman, who, with real tears—at least so they appeared—begged for assistance. The following is the substance of her story: Her husband had left her, taking with him her only child, and she had been two days trying to "spot him." In the meantime neither "bite nor sup" had passed her lips. "Good gracious!" exclaimed our philanthropist, thinking of all the good things there were to eat in her front door; and then said hastily: "Come with me. It will be better than getting anything to eat in a restaurant, and you can tell me all about your little boy."

Then she opened the carriage door for her new guest as politely as she could have opened it for Queen Victoria, and jumped in after her. The flower-girl was watching this *tele-tele* with considerable interest, for the woman was well known to her as one of the worst in the city—a beggar by reputation, a thief by profession; and before she could raise a finger to prevent it, the "angel" and the wicked, wicked woman were rolling off together up Broadway.

The flower-girl was the only one of Stacy's protégés that had not visited the young lady's house, so it happened that at this critical moment, when she would have given every flower on her stand to know where her kind friend lived, she was absolutely without any means of discovering. She was not aware of her visit to the intelligence office, and after telling a policeman about it, she was compelled to give up all hope of finding out.

"Why, if you only knew her name," said the kind police officer. "Set you up in business, hey, and don't know her name? That's just like women, and no mistake. Were there any letters on the carriage or the harness?"

The flower-girl thought there were, but she couldn't really remember. She believed there was an R and a B mixed up together, somewhere on the fine establishment, but she couldn't be quite sure.

"Well, there's one thing you may be sure of," continued the officer, "set your club under his arm, 'whoever has got Striped Sal under their roof will have lively times between this and morning'; and then he strolled along his beat, leaving his companion in a state of mind impossible to describe.

When Anastasia and her new charge entered the hospitable Fifth Avenue doors, a scene of confusion met their eyes which brought a ready smile to Striped Sal's grim features, notwithstanding the great hunger and grief she was laboring under. The house-keeper, babies, nurses, servants—indeed, every human being in the house with the exception of the broken-legged man—were assembled in the spacious hall, apparently all ready to run when the proper time should arrive. At the grand piano in the drawing-room sat the landlady dealing to the key-board sledge-hammer blows, and accompanying the ruinous process with the most terrible shrieks that ever issued from a human throat.

Just at this dreadful crisis the friends of the wretched woman arrived, sent for by the house-keeper, and Anastasia was compelled to stand by, and allow her pet charge to be taken from the

house with some force and very little ceremony. "She broke the dining-room mirror into a thousand pieces," said Mrs. Key, in trembling accents; "and it's a wonder that there's one of us with a whole bone left in our bodies, what's more."

Anastasia felt this failure more than she would show. Mortification, disappointment, and the anticipated ridicule of her aunt made her more unhappy than she had ever been. However, she struggled bravely to maintain a perfect outward equilibrium, and of course succeeded. Striped Sal was carefully ministered to, and at ten o'clock was apparently fast asleep in, undoubtedly, the only decent bed she had ever occupied in her life.

"Poor creature!" said Stacy as she carefully closed the door and stole away to her own room. "How pleasant it is to be able to help the poor and the distressed in such ways; but, oh dear! I hope I shan't be mistaken in her."

Anastasia was beginning to doubt, and with heart and head full she sat till after midnight troubling her golden head about ways and means, and wondering that she could have made such a mistake as had been revealed that afternoon. For the first time in her life she was unable to sleep. Eleven, twelve, one, and almost two before the drowsy god would draw near his usually loyal subject, and even then he declined to touch her eyelids. Presently she imagined she heard noise in the next apartment—her mother's room, that had not been occupied since the lady's death. Here was her jewel-box, exactly as she had left it containing the choicest stones and valuable jewelry of all kinds. This room was always kept locked, no one ever entering it except Stacy and a trusted servant. Of course there could be no one there. That was impossible. Still what was that strange noise?

It was singular, but the first thing Anastasia knew, she was connecting the queer noises with the new object of her charity. Now Stacy had very little fear in her composition, and she did not draw the bed-clothes over her head and lay shivering as many others would have done; but she arose, opened her door very softly, and stepped through the hall to the door of the adjoining apartment. The door was closed, but through the key-hole there shone a bright light, and here Anastasia waited a moment to consider what she should do next. It would take too long to call her father, or give the proper alarm from her father's chamber; so with a firm hand she turned the knob of the door and looked in. On the floor before a bureau drawer containing her mother's clothes, knelt Striped Sal, turning over the sacred treasures with an outlaw's hand. The woman must have forgotten in her haste to lock the door, or supposed she had secured it, and she was in a terrible predicament.

Yes, Anastasia was more careful after this; but she was obliged, like the rest of earnest and independent folks, to learn her best lesson from practical experience.

The Little Folks.

MAMMY'S BOY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"Mammy's boy! mammy's boy," shouted the boys at play in the village school-yard. "How did you get away from the old woman's on-strings? Come and have a toss? O, no! He's got to go home and see his mammy."

Rob Warren, the subject of these sneers, changed the handle he was carrying from one arm to the other, and trudged along, not appearing to notice the taunts of his schoolmates. But as soon as he was out of sight, he took out his red cotton handkerchief, and wiped away the tears that would come in spite of his efforts to keep them back. He was a little fellow, pale and thin, with sad eyes, and a bashful manner that had given him the name of "Sally" among the ruder boys. Indeed, he was very seldom called Rob. "He looks so much like a girl," said Jim Howe, one day, "that he ought to be named like one." Thereupon somebody set up the shout of "Sally," and after that Sally, or "mammy's boy," was his appellation.

Rob and his mother lived alone in a little brown house in the outskirts of a village. His father had been a worthless man in many respects, and had left his wife and child nothing but a brown cottage and an acre or two of land. So they had to live as best they could, doing all kinds of work, whatever came to hand—gardening, washing, sewing, harvesting; and always the boy and his mother worked together, he doing girl's work, or she doing boy's work, as it happened.

Rob was bright at his books. Whenever he had a chance to go to school, or to study at home, he made good progress, and a wild hope now and then stole into his heart that some time he would become a teacher, and support his mother all himself. Ah, what a dazzling vision that was to the pale, shy little fellow! How he reveled in it on cold moonlight nights when he was sawing wood, while the more fortunate boys—if, indeed, they were more fortunate—were dashing across the ice on their skates, or having happy times in pleasant, lighted parlors. To take care of his mother—his poor, worn, heart-

worn mother—to give her a pleasant home, and delicate food, and warm, pretty dresses, such as Jim Howe's mother wore, this was the hope that set his heart throbbing with excitement till he was no longer cold or lonesome at his solitary work.

So the days and the weeks went on, with very little change for Rob and his mother. Very little outward change; but in the boy's heart his hope was growing. One day Judge Howe paid him a silver dollar for holding a restive horse when he was on the point of breaking away from the hitching-post, with the judge's little girl in the carriage. Rob resolved that this dollar should be a nest-egg. Thereafter he worked doubly, and saved every penny that he could for his money-box. Of course his clothes were dilapidated often, and it began to be the fashion to say that "mammy's boy," or "Sally," was getting to be a miser.

Once the boys thought they would test him. So Jim Howe gave him a good suit of clothes, and Fred Lovel offered to pay him three dollars for them. The offer was too tempting to be withstood, and Rob sold the clothes. But when he asked for the money, the heartless fellows told him it was all a joke, and explained that they wanted to see whether he would keep clothes if they were given to him. Thus it happened that Rob became more and more unpopular with the boys, and more and more devoted to the one object of his life.

You will not be surprised to know that he prospered in his small way. Every one prosper who concentrates his energies upon a single object. The pennies, the dimes and the quarters came, and many a one tumbled with a pretty jolly clink into the box to keep the big round shining dollar company. To get enough money to pay his tuition in the academy in the next town, was Rob's first idea. This was slow business, for many of the silver benches must go to buy flour, and meal, and wood, and meat, and tea for the little household. Rob practiced many economies that were too hard for his mother. He ate no butter, he drank no tea; he seldom touched steak or roast, though he provided them as often as possible for his mother; but in spite of this he thrived on his mush and milk, his roast potatoes and apples, and brown bread and codfish. A little red began to creep into his pale cheeks, his shoulders straightened, and his carriage grew more manly.

Four years of this kind of life passed by. Rob studied hard and worked hard, was snubbed by his school-teachers, loved by his mother, and treated with indifference by the neighbors. Then there came a change. Everybody has heard of the terrible flood that swept over a certain valley from the breaking loose of pent-up waters. The dreadful story has been told many a time or twice, and many a man, and many a woman, busy about their work or their pleasures, suddenly wrenched from home and life by the fierce, resistless waves. Babies were torn from the arms of their mothers, their cries drowned by the hoarse voice of the flood. Whole families, helpless in their houses, were set afloat and went tossing on the maddened surges, in the sight of relatives and friends powerless to save them.

The little brown cottage where Rob and his mother lived, stood on a hill overlooking the valley. When the first ominous roar of the dreadful enemy was heard, and messengers rushed with the speed of the wind to warn their neighbors farther down the valley, "mammy's boy" was on the alert. Everything was forgotten but the danger of the village lying there so quiet in its fancied security. His schoolmates, many of them, lived right in the track of the flood. There was Jim Howe, and Fred Lovel, and Tom Grayson, and little Fanny Orton—Fanny had said gentle words to him once—all in desperate peril. It mattered not to him that they had called him "Sally," and "mammy's boy;" that they had excluded him from their sports, and made his life at school as unhappy as possible. He was capable of forgetting injuries, of sacrificing himself not only for his friends, but for his enemies.

[Concluded next week.]

SUMMER, SWEET, GOOD-BYE!

Gold and red and purple leaves
Flutter down the wind;
With the snow of thistle-down
All the leaves are lined.
Clear and keenly blue the sky,
Hurrying birds are flying high,
Singing: "Summer, sweet, good-bye!
Summer, sweet, good-bye!"
Sheaves are nodding in the sun,
As if passed along;
In a gay, fantastic throng,
Summer's fairy throng;
Where the fading willow swings,
Where the reed, deserted, clings,
Listen to the brook, that sings:
"Summer, sweet, good-bye!"

Woodlands whisper sad farewells,
Squirrels frisk and spring;
Patter, patter, rain the nuts,
For their harvesting.
Flocks of merry birds go by,
"Neath the birds' unclouded sky,
Hopeful, trusting, while we sigh:
"Summer, sweet, good-bye!"

—Selected.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... Chimney-sweeping must be a good business—it suits everybody who tries it.
.... Owing to dollars having been so scarce during last winter, a majority of us couldn't change our quarters the past summer.
.... An old farmer, the first time he ate an oyster stew, was asked how he liked it. "Well," he answered, "I like the soup well enough, but I wish they'd left out them pollywogs."
.... A very much-whiskered individual driving in a Victoria down town with his scotch terrier, asked a witty lady what she

thought of them. "Why!" said she, "I thought you were better yourself!"
.... A faithful brother in a Fairfield, Ct., church, recently prayed for absent members "who were prostrate on beds of sickness and chairs of weakness."
.... Kansas School-teacher: "Where does our grain go to?" "Into the hopper."
.... What hopper? "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted a scholar.

.... First boy with a basket: "Is there any yeast yet sold, Jimmy?" Second boy with a basket: "Yes, it's here me sister's livin' out, this winter; and she saves our coat out every day. It's harder than gold to a lot of barrels before ye get yer basket full."

.... A gentleman accidentally steps on a dainty puddle led by an elegant female. "Stupid! A little more and you would have crushed him!" "Ah! If I had crushed him I would have replaced him." "You datter yourself."

.... "Now, Mr. Robinson," said a fair young city visitor to the kind-hearted farmer, "won't you show us your water-melon orchard?" "I haven't a water-melon tree on the place this year, ma'am; they were all winter killed; and his questioner wondered why he smiled so pleasantly, as he answered.

.... The teacher of an infant-school had her attention called to one little fellow who was listening to what she said. She had been teaching her class the elements of English history, and was saying to them what she had been talking about, she suddenly asked, "Johnny, who killed King Rains?" "With a surprised look, he replied, 'Why, I didn't know he was dead!'"

.... Once, many years ago, Dr. being on a visit to Washington thought he recognized a friend in the man who was immediately before him. "How are you?" he said, clapping the supposed friend familiarly on the shoulder. The stranger, turning stiffly, answered with some resentment, "My name is Bull." "I beg your pardon," said the professor. "I was looking for the Colonel!"—(Ker- nel).

.... A certain Scotch country minister removed from one parish to another, and on Sunday "exchanged" with his successor in his former charge. At the close of the service an elderly woman inquired what had become of her "an minister's son." "We're exchanging," he replied; "he's with the people to-day." "Indeed, indeed," said the matron, "they'll be gettin' a treat the day."

Gems of Religious Thought.

.... We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which we weave when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.—Becher.

.... "The one thing to have our sins worn away from the memory is the saying of Matthew's letter to have them washed away at the Gospel fountain."—A. Fuller.

In this little moment then
Onward go.
In thy way, acknowledge Him,
Onward go.
Let His mind be thine in thee;
Let His will be thine in thee;
Thus in life and liberty
Onward go.

.... Every good and holy desire, though it may lack the form, has in itself, the substance and force of a prayer with God, for He regards as prayer the moanings and sighs of the heart.—Hooker.

.... Said a good lady to the preacher, as he came out of the pulpit: "You preached a good sermon to-night." "What is your standard of a good sermon?" "When a sermon makes you feel that you ought to do better, and that you can't better, I call it a good sermon." It would be hard to find a better definition. It is less compact, but has more largeness than the saying of Matthew Henry: "That is a good sermon which does thee good."

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake our thirsty souls with rain;
The lowliest of God's creatures break from out of limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make the love of God more plain;
As though the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks forth into heaven,
Gleams of star and depths of blue
The glancing sunshine never knew!

Whittier.

.... "Ransomed"—there is a sound of freedom in the word. There is a thought of going home in it. There is the sweetness of a glad welcome in it. Do you want to know what it means? Ask, "Lord Jesus, come back to Jerusalem." Ask the freed galley-slave. Ask the released prisoner. Ask Paul, crying, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and then quickly answering himself in the joy of redemption, "I thank God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Ask any of God's children, who, through long years, have been in the bondage of fear, and who have come at last into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Any of these can tell you.—Methodist.

YEARNING.

In us, O Christ, Thy mind be wrought,
Thy Spirit in us dwell.
Be Thine, the perfect Teacher, taught,
Our wills to Thine submitting brought,
Who doest all things well.
With Thee, O Christ, we walk the deep:
Afflicted, temptest thou,
With Thee, our loving vigils keep,
Watching with those who sweetly sleep,
Departed, but not lost.
Thy path, O Christ, are perfect peace.
Thy thoughts are full of love,
From bonds of sin our souls release,
And bid the power of passion cease,
And all our guilt remove.
—Advocate.

A CHILD'S HEART.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curb stone up Woodward Avenue, to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:—

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"
"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."
"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"
Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:—

"Oh! I children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Religious Items.

METHODIST.

Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, has again been elected General Conference delegate from the Detroit Conference. This is his third consecutive election to the General Conference.

The North Ohio Conference elected Dr. F. S. Hoyt, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, on the first ballot, as a delegate to General Conference.

Rev. Dr. H. A. Acton has declined the office, and Rev. F. P. Tower has been nominated by the Oregon Conference editor of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* for the next quadrennium.

An exchange says: "Bishop Bow. man reports that he preached to three hundred people in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Rome; that the Waldensian Church often had a congregation of four hundred, and that Gavazzi's edifies, in connection with the Free Church of Italy, would sometimes have five hundred or more in attendance."

Rev. Dr. C. N. Sims, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is expected to succeed Rev. W. C. Webb as pastor of Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, at the expiration of the latter's term of service.

The tenth session of the General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America will be held in Pittsford, Mich., commencing Oct. 15.

Rev. J. G. Whitfield, D. D., a prominent minister of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, died Aug. 28.

The 24th session of the Detroit Conference began at Ann Arbor, Sept. 10, Bishop Bowman presiding. Rev. Dr. Edwards was re-elected secretary.

The 44th session of the Michigan Conference began at Ionia, Sept. 10, Bishop Foster presiding. H. M. Joy was chosen secretary. D. M. Ward, of the Detroit Conference, L. H. Shumate, of Missouri, and S. J. McElwaine, of the North Indiana, were transferred to this Conference.

The Southern Illinois Conference began its 28th session at Salem, Sept. 10, Bishop Andrews presiding. T. H. Herdman was elected secretary. The next session will be held at Fairfield.

Mrs. John H. Gill, a daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Blodgett, the first Methodist minister in Plymouth, N. H., died recently of spinal difficulty, aged 73. Her life after the age of thirty years, when she was thrown from a carriage and permanently crippled, was one of remarkable suffering. For eighteen years she was confined to her bed.

That veteran minister, eminent Christian, and once in charge of the Western Book Concern, Rev. Dr. John F. Wright, died in Cincinnati, Sept. 13. The *Western* says: "His mind continued lucid till the last. As late as ten o'clock the night before his death he and his aged wife held a prayer-meeting in their room, during which he was very fervent in spirit, and in his exclamations. He asked his wife to pray for the Lord to come and take him. She replied: 'I have, and He will come soon.' Whereupon he became very quiet, and so rested until in the morning, when, without the least muscular cont

The Farm and Garden.

PACKING BUTTER FOR WINTER USE.

The fall growth of grass, which nearly everywhere in the Northern States consists chiefly of "blue grass," is productive of excellent butter. The butter must be packed while perfectly fresh. Immediately after the final working it should be put away in the packages. Only the best of dairy salt should be used. One ounce to the pound of butter is the proper quantity. The package should be perfectly clean, fresh, and sweet. A new white-oak pail should be chosen, the larger the size the better, because there is less surface exposed to atmospheric influence in large packages, and a 50-pound tub may be packed safely in a month, a part at a time, if rightly done. The tub should be stored in a clean, cool, airy, moist place, but one perfectly free from mouldiness. The butter, having been churned, is worked free from butter-milk, and an ounce of salt, finely pulverized, to each pound—weighed, not guessed—is added, evenly worked in by gassing the lump with the paddle, sprinkling the salt, then turning and gassing again. The butter should never be plastered or smoothed over with the lads, but cut and gashed and turned, and again, it is gathered into a lump and put away for 24 hours in a cool place. It is then re-worked in a similar manner; the milky brine that escapes is all worked out, and a little more salt is added, if thought desirable. When quite free from milk it is put into the package.

A glazed stone-ware crock of three or four gallons is, perhaps, the best for a small dairy. Next is a new, white-oak, 50-pound pail. The package must be clean, and, if of wood, should be scalded with hot brine a day before using it. When prepared for use, the butter is finally packed in cold brine, a little dry salt sprinkled over the damp, inner surface, and the butter packed in with a ladle, pressing firmly to close every open space that would admit air. If the package is not filled, the butter is covered with a clean piece of muslin, out to fit all over the package, and then with cold brine; and the tub is set away in a proper place, covered with a cloth.

When more butter is to be packed, the brine is poured off, the muslin removed, the lower layer of butter is sprinkled with a little fine salt, and the fresh butter is packed as before. The tub is continued until the package is filled to the top. Then salt is sprinkled over the butter, a clean piece of white muslin, well washed previously, is fitted closely over it, and the lid, well cleaned, is fastened down tightly. The tub, then put away in a place, may be kept for a year; and if the butter was good when packed, it will be open as fresh and sweet as at the first, and, indeed, with a peculiar nutty flavor which is found in mature and well-ripened butter, and is absent from the fresh butter which I have ever tasted. — HENRY STEWART in *Rural New Yorker*.

THE AUDIOPHONE.

BY REV. J. B. DUNN, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with your request, I send you a brief description of that most wonderful invention, the audiophone, by which the deaf are made to hear, and even the dumb to speak. The audiophone is very simple in construction. It is made of a vulcanized substance, possessing the property of gathering the faintest sounds (somewhat similar to a telephone diaphragm) and conveying them to the auditory nerve through the medium of the teeth. It is made in the shape of a square Japanese fan, with rounded corners, and is of a black color. It is very flexible, and can be used as a fan, and while held in the hand, and in use, a stranger would suppose the person was holding an ordinary fan up to his mouth. At the back or underside of the audiophone there is a cord, stretching from the upper edge to the handle. By means of this cord, the instrument is shaped for use, and the tension regulated according to the distance the sound has to travel, just as easily as the focus of an opera glass is adjusted.

Having drawn upon the cord and given to the instrument a slightly curved shape, its upper edge is placed against the two upper front teeth, and the vibrations received on its surface from the voice of one in conversation are conveyed by the medium of the nerves of the teeth to the acoustic nerves, and produce upon them an action similar to the action produced by sound upon the drum of the ear. The external ear has nothing whatever to do in hearing with this wonderful instrument.

Persons having false teeth, if they fit firmly, can, notwithstanding, use the audiophone successfully. While in Chicago, we met several gentlemen who for years had been very deaf, but with the fan could hear and take part in ordinary conversation with ease. The Hon. Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, has been deaf for a number of years, and during that time has used all the devices for improving his hearing that he could hear of, or that were brought to him. None of them were, however, satisfactory. Now he uses the audiophone, and finds that it not only improves his hearing, but restores the sense of hearing to him. We could fill a column with accounts of several experiments made even with deaf mutes, several of whom were brought to the rooms of the inventor from the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Chicago, and it was demonstrated that with this instrument mutes may learn to speak by holding the audiophone against the teeth as we have described, and practice speaking while it is in this position.

The inventor is Mr. Richard S. Rhodes, a book publisher of Chicago, a deaf man himself, who had long been experimenting in this direction.

Temperance.

TWO ARTICLES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. D. C. BARCOCK.

MR. EDITOR: The first article to which I call attention, is an editorial in the *HERALD* of Sept. 18, entitled, "Receive it into the Church." I am glad you have opened that subject, and I trust it may be taken up by other journals. You say: "It would be well if the reform could be made a regular department of the denominational policy."

I do not think our Church could do a wiser or more helpful thing for this great cause than to lead off in placing the National Temperance Society and Publication House in just such relations to the Church as those of the American Bible Society. I speak of that because it is not sectarian.

A much better public sentiment is essential to the triumph of the cause of temperance. We must secure that sentiment by just such methods as are effective on other questions. The Church has better facilities for educating the public than can be found anywhere else. But she has no plan for promoting temperance. I do not mean to say that the Church is doing no temperance work; but that no one of the great denominations has any method for promoting this cause. We need a plan. We shall not have a well-trained generation until we adopt one and work it. Outside organizations are doing much good work, but at considerable expense and great disadvantage.

The most serious objection to what I propose is the adding of another collection to those already asked. This objection will vanish if we hold it up in the light of a few facts:—

1. The temperance cause now derives its chief support from Christian people, and they do most of the work. It would be vastly better if this money were given in the Church and expended under her direction, and if the work were done in the Church and under her direction, instead of by Church members in and through other organizations. I say this as a "Good Templar" and "Son of Temperance."

2. The Church can do this work better and more economically than can be done outside. To erect and furnish halls in which to do work that can be better done in our churches, is neither good policy nor economy. We do it because we have to, not because we prefer to. The Church would not have to depart at all from her legitimate work in order to promote this cause. It should have a place in the pulpit, the prayer-meeting, the Sabbath-school, and the social circle.

3. We cannot afford to ignore this cause. God lays this work upon us. We are to serve our own generation by a-saunting the evils that are dominant in our time. This cause has a strong claim to a place in our hearts and in our plans of benevolence. That plan which will generate the greatest amount of force and give it the wisest expenditure, is the best. Other great benevolences have grown great through the plan we propose for this important enterprise. Let us "receive it into the Church," and work it for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

The other article, on which I desire to say a word, is from the pen of my esteemed brother, Rev. O. M. Cousens, on "The Bible and Temperance." I agree with his answer to his question, and with most that he says. But I would join those who think it impossible for God to favor the drinking of intoxicating wine, and who maintain that the Bible furnishes no case in which God approves such use of it.

My good brother is not very accurate when he claims that alcoholic beverages are products of nature. If man will let nature do her own work, she will not produce any strong drink; not even by "the laws of decomposition and fermentation." As Dr. Lees says: "No blunder can be greater than to rank alcohol amongst the productions of nature. It is, to all intents, like the golden images of the Ephesian shrine, 'the work of art and man's device,' using and abusing the powers and possibilities latent in nature." "Nature," says Count Chaplain, "never forms spirituous liquors; she eats the grape upon the branch, but it is art which converts the juice into (alcoholic) wine." Let nature alone, and the grain and fruit will not produce alcohol. Attempts have been made to find alcohol in the rotting grape on the vine and the rotting apple on the tree, but it has not been found there.

The Bible wine question lies at the foundation of the temperance movement, and involves the two principles—total abstinence and prohibition—on which that movement has been established. The question, "What does the Bible teach?" has not had the attention it deserves. It is a book for all time, and it nowhere intimates that time and circumstances will convert right into wrong, or wrong into right. Fermented wine was, in all past ages, just what it is to-day—a poison. The Bible never pronounced that sort of wine a blessing, nor commended its use as a beverage. I hope to find time, in the near future, to say something through the *HERALD* on this question.

— Lees, Text Book.

TOBACCO.

MR. EDITOR: I believe your correspondent from Springfield, Mass., is on the right track to abolish one of the evils that affect us as a Church. If our godly men and women would let themselves be heard in our social meetings,

in our quarterly conferences and through the columns of our religious papers on this subject, I doubt not that ere five years passed, nine-tenths of our ministers who use tobacco would be obliged to give it up, and the remaining tenth would be obliged to retire from the ministry for want of a place in which to preach. Let the Church demand that the men who occupy her pulpits shall be clean. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." D. S. COLES.

Educational.

Hungary excels in the number of Kindergarten schools, reporting two hundred, with five seminaries for training Kindergarten teachers.

Primary education is compulsory throughout Italy. The number of public day schools in 1877 was 37,462.

Miss Abby W. May, who was for a while on the school committee of this city, has been appointed a member of the State Board of Education in Massachusetts, in place of C. C. Esty, resigned.

For superior education, Germany has 21 universities, with 1,922 professors and 29,282 students; 4,311 of the latter are in the University of Berlin.

Miss Helen Magill, Ph. D., daughter of President Magill of Swarthmore College, Pa., who has been studying at Cambridge, Eng., for the past two years, has recently received a scholarship of \$175, in a competitive examination in Greek, French and Latin.

The total school population in States and Territories for 1877 is 14,227,748; the total enrollment in public schools, 8,954,478; and the average daily attendance, 4,919,408. Seven States and Territories do not report the item of average daily attendance.

Statistics are presented of 134 commercial and business colleges in the United States, having 568 instructors and 23,490 students; showing a decrease since last year of 3 schools and 1,738 students.

The present head of the most celebrated Mohammedan college, the University El-Azhar, at Cairo, is a Jewish convert, Abassi—according to Ebers, a son of a prominent Israelite whose conversion to Islam, occasioned at the time considerable excitement. Abassi has held the position since 1871. He has 10,000 students and 300 professors under his control, and receives \$10,000 yearly, and a palace for residence.

With reference to the Paedobaptism, the Commissioner of Education remarks: "This unparalleled benefaction, administered by the trustees through their agent, Rev. Barnes Sears, D. D., LL. D., continues its great work of aiding those cities and towns that help themselves to educational privileges for their youth. From 1868 to 1877, inclusive, various States have been aided as follows: Virginia, \$201,250; North Carolina, \$27,600; South Carolina, \$27,650; Georgia, \$71,062; Florida, \$48,450; Alabama, \$55,450; Mississippi, \$58,578; Louisiana, \$55,850; Texas, \$18,600; Arkansas, \$60,600; Tennessee, \$191,650; West Virginia, \$107,710; making a total of \$984,450."

Obituaries.

GEORGE W. DUNCAN, of Bath, Me., after a pilgrimage of nearly seventy years, passed away from his home on Oct. 7, 1879, at 10 o'clock, Sabbath morning, Aug. 17, 1879.

He was born in Bath, April 21, 1810, where he spent his entire life. In 1828, when but a youth, he was converted to God in the great revivals under the faithful labors of Rev. W. H. Norris, then a member of the Maine Conference and pastor at Bath. In due time Brother Duncan was received into the M. E. Church, and for half a century lived and walked in her communion. Early in his Christian life he came to the front in the cause of Christ, and for many years was a pillar in Wesley Church—chief pastor at Bath. In due time Brother Duncan was received into the M. E. Church, and for half a century lived and walked in her communion. Early in his Christian life he came to the front in the cause of Christ, and for many years was a pillar in Wesley Church—chief pastor at Bath. In due time Brother Duncan was received into the M. E. Church, and for half a century lived and walked in her communion. 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THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, September 30.

The public-school children in San Francisco, to the number of 30,000, gave Gen. Grant yesterday the most enthusiastic ovation he has yet received.

The First Comptroller of the Treasury decides that burned coupons cannot be redeemed.

The proposed new treaty with China will discourage the immigration of the lower classes of Chinese, and restrict the intercourse of citizens of this country to a few leading cities of China.

President Hayes and party were given a grand reception yesterday at St. Joseph, Mo., by some 10,000 people. The President will return to Washington, Oct. 5.

Two thousand men are on a strike in Cincinnati.

There has been a disastrous storm in Sicily and South Italy, and a water-spout in Switzerland which swept away twelve bridges and destroyed vineyards and houses.

The October interest in the four per cent. amounts to \$8,000,000. The Treasury funding operations are nearly completed. Within the next sixty days \$25,000,000 of outstanding call bonds will be redeemed.

Wednesday, October 1.

The Fall River spinners are retreating to work.

The steam yacht Jeannette, on its way to the Arctic, has been heard from at St. Lawrence Bay, Siberia.

Gen. Grant will attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, November 13.

Henry A. Hall, a well-known rubber dealer in this city, committed suicide at his residence in Bridgewater yesterday.

William R. Cooper, who for forging the names of navy paymasters in this country in 1861 was sent to prison for five years, has been victimized by London bankers out of large sums. He has been arrested.

Thursday, October 2.

The public debt was decreased last month over two and a half millions.

The American Express Company has purchased the entire business of the Eastern Express Company.

Peoria, Ill., paid to the government for the month of September, \$1,081,000 in taxes on distilled spirits.

Major Thornburgh and thirteen soldiers have been killed in a conflict with a band of Milk River Utes.

The survivors of rebel prisons, to the number of 1,600, held a reunion at Toledo yesterday.

President Hayes and party received a warm welcome at Indianapolis yesterday.

The Massachusetts Medical Society has decided to throw open its doors to women.

Thirteen hundred bales of cotton and other property were burned at Wilmington, N.C., yesterday; loss \$110,000.

Rev. Dr. Swain's fiftieth anniversary as a Universalist clergyman was celebrated yesterday, his friends giving him a banquet at the Revere House.

Friday, October 3.

The Utes are said to have made an alliance with the Arapahoes, and a general Indian war is feared.

F.F. Boynton, receiving teller of the North National Bank in this city, confesses to having embezzled \$24,000 of the funds of the bank, and to have lost the same in speculating in California stocks.

The grand stand at the fair grounds in Adrian, Michigan, gave way yesterday beneath the weight of about two thousand people; several persons were killed and a large number seriously injured.

President Hayes was honored with the industrial parade at Indianapolis yesterday which occupied two hours in passing a given point.

Mr. T. H. Tibbels, with Standing Bear and other Poncas, has visited the old Ponca reservation, and taken to the Advertiser a descriptive article and the deserted homes of the banished Indians. In his letter he explains the significance of Standing Bear's abduction, and gives statements from the Poncas of his party of their experiences and trials.

Saturday, October 4.

Fuller accounts of the disaster at Adrian, Mich., show that six men were killed, and seventy-five seriously wounded.

It cost \$3,527.96 to collect the internal revenue tax on beer; the total amount collected was \$113,561.610.

The Ute warrior, to the number of 1,000, are said to be armed with Winchester rifles.

Monday, October 6.

The Post-Office Department has decided that letters addressed to lottery companies and their agents are unmailable.

Indian Agent Meeker, of the White River agency, his family and all his employees, have been massacred by the Utes.

Prof. Colver, the aeronaut, and a Mr. Williams attempted a balloon ascension from San Francisco yesterday; at about 200 feet altitude the air ship exploded, and both the occupants were precipitated into a street and killed.

An immense meeting of the Irish tenantry was held in Cork, Ireland, yesterday, fifteen thousand people being present.

The Union Temple Baptist Church have "called" to their pulpit Rev. E. G. Taylor, D.D., of Providence, as the successor of Dr. Lorimer.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Providence Preachers' Meeting has recently taken a new lease of life. It is more largely attended than it has been for a number of years before, and its exercises are full of interest. Even the laymen are drawn to it. At its last session Brother White presented a very strong Scriptural argument against the theory of a future probation. The discussion was a discussion in which matters of religious, philosophical, and doctrinal were very fully ventilated.

Dr. Coggeshall's articles in the HERALD on the role of Roger Williams and the Baptists in civil and religious liberty in Rhode Island, are read in this State with much interest, and will doubtless provoke reply. But whoever undertakes the task of answering the Doctor, will find a foe man worthy of his steel.

Money for Greenwich Academy has lately been received from Central America. Funds from nearer points would be equally acceptable.

Rhode Island will lose one of its ablest young ministers by the removal of Rev. D. N. Beach, pastor of the Congregational Church in Westerly, to Wakefield, Mass. The removal of Mr. Beach to accept more

than \$1,800 as salary when \$2,000 was offered him, marks a new epoch in ecclesiastical matters.

The union love-feast held at Trinity Church, Oct. 2, was a good one, and the largest yet held. It was a pleasant sight to look upon five hundred Methodists gathered for a social service.

Dr. Goodman is spending a week in Providence and vicinity with his University singers, whose concert is giving excellent satisfaction.

The tragic death of Rev. D. W. Lounsbury, by the hands of his wife, awakens many memories with some of the preachers of the Providence Conference. Brother Lounsbury was one of the earliest students of the Concord Biblical Institute, being among those who connected themselves with the school at its organization. After preaching for a few years among the Methodists, he joined the Protestant Episcopal Church. His Concord brethren have only kindly recollections of him, and greatly regret his untimely end.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Rhode Island held its annual convention in the Central Baptist Church in Providence, October 1. Mrs. J. K. Barney, the president, in the chair. The meeting was a success. Excellent addresses were made by the president, by Mrs. L. B. Burlingame, Brother D. A. Jordan, Lois and Cassia Smith, Sarah M. Carpenter, Rev. Mr. Ames, Chaplain of the State Prison, others. In the evening Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Hyde Park, Mass., gave an able and convincing address.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MEETING in our State took place last week at South Royalton was one of the best ever held anywhere. The literary productions were altogether above the average in merit; and the religious services of the four days' meeting, held in connection with the Presbytery's Meeting, were most successful. Such an interest was awakened that the meetings are continued through this week. Brother Bryant is assisted by the pastors near him. We expect to hear of glorious results.

There is no breakfast beverage to compare with a cup of pure and properly made chocolate. It is delicious to the taste, highly nutritious and healthy. The French, a people wholly free from dyspepsia, drink large quantities of it at breakfast, and often at tea, while in other countries of Continental Europe and Asia it is the favorite drink of at least one meal each day. The old house of Josiah Webb & Co., Milton, Mass., manufacture an entirely pure and very superior article of chocolate and cocoa, both of which are sold by all leading grocers. They are probably the best preparations of the kind in the market.

BEATTY PIANOS AND ORGANS. Those who wish to purchase a Piano or Organ should not fail to send to HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY, of Washington, New Jersey, for his latest circular. See his advertisement.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA is a general favorite. Medical men recommend it as preferable to tea or coffee for nervous or delicate constitutions. Sold by leading grocers everywhere.

CAUGHT AT LAST. The notorious depredator Kite-Arrh, who has for so many years eluded the most accomplished and skillful detectives, has been caught at last in Buffalo, N. Y. For further particulars, ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. Sigs' Catarrh Remedy, admitted to be the best remedy for catarrh yet compounded.

A genuine and important discovery of practical benefit to teachers and students of art of singing has been made by Mr. John Howard, 39 Union Square, New York City, and is being original method is endorsed by the strongest testimony. And not only is the method endorsed, but also the fact that it can be taught by letter is guaranteed by many prominent clergymen and artists in all parts of the country. Send for the circulars mentioned in his advertisement.

During the five years ending Dec. 31, 1877, American Life Insurance Companies paid \$31,836,063 for losses, claims, \$99,744,915 for surrendered policies, and \$77,040,356 for dividends on policies in force, making a total payment to policy holders of nearly two hundred and sixty million dollars (\$258,661,255.60). Of this large sum \$181,639,878.84 was paid on 219,816 terminated policies. From this sum the showing is certainly a splendid one. But from an examination of the same record we find that on 308,378 policies, insuring \$728,095,393, which I paid for the non-payment of premiums, no return was made by the companies. The fact simply illustrates the need of the Maine Non-Fraudulent Law and the contract of the UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The celebrated Magee Furnaces and Stoves have again received well-merited recognition, having been awarded the highest prize at the New England Fair, just closed at Worcester. Magee stoves have been household words in New England for thirty years, and are a synonym of superior excellence. The enterprise of the manufacturers has introduced them all over the world, and built up a business of which Boston may justly be proud.

RECENT VICTORIES. - The Barstow's Stove Co., 56 Union Street, have every reason to be proud of the recent victory which their furnaces and ranges achieved over inferior manufactures at the New England Fair, Worcester, and at the Vermont State Fair, on both of which occasions they were awarded first premiums. At the New Hampshire State Fair of this year, also, the company received the only medal awarded. The New England Range, with the wonderful duplex grate, is worthy of the attention of the public.

The announcement by Mr. E. P. White, of his opening, at 23 Tremont Row, of fine Boots and Shoes is worthy the attention of all who want a good article in that line. Mr. White has an excellent stock, and sells at reasonable prices.

THE only combination of the true Jamaica Ginger with choice aromatics and French brandy, for weakness, weariness, and prostration of the nervous forces, inability to sleep, cold extirpated, and unimpeded circulation, is SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. It is a grateful boon to suffering humanity, at once soothing, strengthening, and refreshing. Ask for SANFORD'S.

This fine autumn weather is very favorable for getting everything in good shape for the cold and stormy weather, soon to follow. Get your buildings, roofs, etc., well painted, and get your paint of the New England Paint Co. at Number 7 India Street, this city. They keep the best, and have all mixed, ready for use.

HALF A PACKAGE OF DR. QUAIN'S MAGIC CONDITION PILLS cured the wife of Rev. John Davis, of East Tilton, N. H., of Kidney Complaint of long standing. Write Mr. Davis for proof.

Hollis' Uva Ursi and Buchu is highly endorsed for its efficacy in all kidney complaints.

THE MEHERRICK MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its next meeting in the First Church, at Concord, Nov. 11, 12.

NOTICE. - The Preachers' Meeting for Lynn and vicinity will take place at the Park Square Church, Oct. 16, at 10:30 o'clock. The question for discussion is the Doctrine of Sin in B. levers. The discussion will be opened by Revs. C. N. Smith and W. R. Clark, D. D.

At the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 1, by Rev. L. Crowell, D. D., Harrison A. Crowell, son of the officiating clergyman, to Miss Eva N. Smith, daughter of Rev. L. Crowell, D. D., of the Providence Conference, sister of the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. K. of Maine. Rev. L. Crowell, D. D., of the Providence Conference, sister of the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. K. of Maine. Rev. L. Crowell, D. D., of the Providence Conference, sister of the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. K. of Maine.

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GRAND OPENING

-OF-

Fine Boots and Shoes

-AT-

23 TREMONT ROW.

EDWARD P. WHITE.

Has now in stock a most complete assortment of Fine Boots and Shoes for all and winter wear. Is our.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT

We have all the leading styles in Congress, Lace and French Toes, with or without Ties, Machine, Hand Sewed, and Double Soles for Dress or Street wear in all and winter wear. French Kid, Black, and all other styles. We are also prepared to show the finest line of Gent's Hand-wrought Slippers in Velvet and Beaver to be found in the city. The above are the newest designs, and well worthy of inspection. Also Patent Leather, Calf, and French Kid Pumps for full dress occasions in great variety. Our

ENTRANCE to the leading styles in Pebble and straight grain Goat, Double and Half-Double Sole for Street wear; Fine French Kid Button or Side-Lace Oxfords, or of plain French, with or without French Heels for Dress. We are prepared to state that we have the finest styles and most complete assortment of Ladies' Slippers, New York Ties, and Button Shoes to be found in New England. We are the only House who can and will sell a Ladies' French Imported Patent Slipper in Blue and Cherry shades for \$1.50; Ladies' Curves Kid (three-quarter) Imported Slippers, \$1.50; French Kid Opera Slippers, \$1.50; Ladies' French Kid Opera Slippers, \$1.50. In the

MISSISSIPPI AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Our stock embraces all the different kinds in Calf, Goat, Kid, either for Dress or School wear. Our French Kid, and our French Kid, with or without French Heels, and our French Kid, with or without French Heels, and our French Kid, with or without French Heels, and our French Kid, with or without French Heels